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THE APPEAL TO HEAVEN.

THIS week, which promises to be the last week before thousands or hundreds of thousands of human beings are destroyed in order to decide whether France is or is not to be the mistress of Western Europe, has been chiefly spent in the silent movement of troops on either side to the frontiers of the Rhine, and in fervent appeals to Heaven that each combatant is in the right. The contest has something of the character of the duel or ordeal of ancient times, and those who are engaged in the fight are anxious above all things to make out that, if justice reigns anywhere, justice ought to be on their side. France and Germany are equally ready to appeal to Heaven to judge between honest love of peace, long-suffering, and gentleness on the one hand, and insolent arrogance and rapacity on the other. Even, however, in the simplest era of the middle ages, the combatants must have had a feeling that the strongest champion would probably win; and the effusions of the representatives both of France and Germany are so far hollow that they obviously are addressed only to those who are predisposed to accept the views they embody, and that they studiously avoid all debateable ground in order to foster the impression that the cause they favour is wholly and absolutely in the right. There is, we believe, more of sincerity in the manifestoes of France and of Germany than Englishmen are at first inclined to believe. Each nation feels itself at once insulted and able to avenge the insult. It is not mere art and bravado that induces the North German Parliament to speak of itself as turning like the wounded worm under the last stage of humiliation, or that prompts the King of Prussia to vow that the last end of his pious life shall be like the beginning, and that he will trust, as his father did, in the justice of Heaven. It is quite untrue to set down the mass of unreflecting, ignorant French as bent on war, whether justice is violated or not. Both sides are in earnest, and both sides more or less believe themselves in the right. Still, just as in old days, when an appeal was made to the duel or the ordeal, dispassionate bystanders would necessarily ask themselves which was in the right, on which side the balance of evidence lay, and how the appeal would have been answered if Heaven had listened to what on earth men consider the better cause, so in this century we cannot help asking ourselves which nation has the most in its favour when it appeals to Heaven.

We see no reason to doubt that the cause of Germany is the better cause. That France believes herself in this hour of frenzy to be in the right, and that she has something well worth considering to say in her justification, we do not deny. The EMPEROR has probably spoken the simple truth when he says that he has been forced on further and more rapidly in the path of war than he anticipated. Still he and his system of government have to answer for it that, in this supreme moment of anxiety, the voice of the intelligent Parliamentary minority, the voice of those who would have pleaded for peace, has been utterly silenced, and that an irrational enthusiasm has plunged France into war. We have now had the whole story of the negotiations and recriminations regarding the HOHENZOLLERN candidature submitted to the public. There are great blanks left in the setting forth of the history. There are the most flagrant contradictions; there are assertions this way and counter-assertions that way. The lie is given and the lie is retorted. If France was ferocious, Prussia was not peaceable. If the EMPEROR was impelled by the war mania of his subjects, Count BISMARCK took care to keep up the ardour of his countrymen to the point of fever-heat. Neither Power dared earnestly to seek after peace and ensue it. But of the two France was, it is clear, the most obstinately bent on war. France need not have treated the candidature of the poor, little German relation of the EMPEROR so suddenly and so decisively

as a cause of war. France need not have gone on after this tiny scion of Royalty had withdrawn. France need not have insisted on making the controversy a personal one between the King of Prussia and M. BENEDETTI. An official statement has been issued by the French Government showing all the wrongs which France has, during the last four years, sustained at the hands of Prussia. Prussia has been arrogant; Prussia has trampled on Denmark; Prussia has by open robbery annexed Hanover and Hesse-Cassel and Frankfurt; Prussia has declined to fulfil the terms of the Treaty of Prague. Last of all, Prussia, in spite of its plighted word, has tried to seat a Prussian prince on the throne of Spain. All these things move the anger of France, and France appeals to Heaven that its cause is just. It offers to go to the duel, and to make Prussia cry Craven. But he who stands outside the lists cannot refrain from asking whether any of these causes justify a Frenchman for killing a German who only wishes to live among other Germans at peace. It is very late for France to go to war simply to redress the wrongs of Denmark, if there were any wrongs. The people of Hesse-Cassel and Hanover do not wish for French intervention on their behalf. Austria, with whom the Treaty of Prague was primarily made, does not insist on the wrongs of North Schleswig. The French will insist in quarrelling on behalf of people who do not wish that any quarrel should be made on their behalf. All these elaborate pleadings in favour of France seem as it were interlaid with the rude cynicism of M. ROUHER, who plainly stated that the cause of the war was that France had been preparing for four years and now was ready. The appeal of France to Heaven is, we do not doubt, in its way sincere, but then it is tacitly an appeal to the Chasspot even more than to the God of Justice.

The EMPEROR in his Proclamation to the French people got out of the sterile region of mere recrimination, as did also the King of Prussia, when he too addressed his subjects. The case of the King of Prussia is simple in the extreme. He knows he is right, and he is pious and reverential. He commits himself and his poor soldiers, and his dear people, and his righteous cause, to the judgment of the HIGHEST. The King has been young, and now is old, and he has never seen the righteous forsaken. He is therefore confident, although he has sense enough to appreciate the dangers of a conflict with France. The EMPEROR is much more subtle. He diverges into paradoxes, and hazards the most astonishing moral propositions. He offers it as an undoubted truth that every war is just which commands the assent of a people and the approval of its representatives. The slightest reflection might convince the most ignorant Frenchman that, if this were true, the Germans are at least as likely to win as the French. They surely make war with the assent of the people and the approval of the representatives of the people. There is a minority—and by no means a contemptible minority—in France against the war. But there is not even a fraction of a fraction in Germany against the war. More wonderful, however, than any other part of the French case is the declaration of the EMPEROR that he is a friend of Germany, that he longs for German freedom, and that he is coming forward to enable the German people to fulfil its destinies. The EMPEROR apparently has never heard of the fate that awaits those who interfere between husband and wife. The wife who scolds and grumbles against her husband will proverbially turn and scold any one who presumes to join with her in abusing him. Germans like to blame Prussia, and to call out at Prussian arrogance; but if a Frenchman tries to interfere, then Prussia is to Germans but the head of Germany, the champion of German rights. We may get puzzled over the intricacies of the HOHENZOLLERN candidature, or the minutiae of diplomatic courtesy, but when the EMPEROR offers himself as the friend of Germany and the vindicator of its independence, we feel beyond the possibility of

doubt the absurdity of the pretension. Germany does not wish to be delivered from Prussia, but to be delivered from France; and the ardour of the French for war, in which ardour we quite allow there is a mixture of noble as well as of ignoble elements, becomes simply ludicrous when it claims to blaze away in the sight of Heaven in order to protect the poor Germans from being coerced or cajoled into forming a great and independent nation.

THE DEFENCES OF THE COUNTRY.

NO sensible man will accuse us of exciting needless panic if we invite attention, at such a moment as this, to the state of our defences. Since the accession of Mr. GLADSTONE to power, a new military policy has been in vogue. Almost all the regiments which we were in the habit of maintaining in the colonies have been concentrated at home; and if this measure had not been accompanied by corresponding reductions, the forces immediately available in case of a sudden emergency would have been greater than they used to be by something like 20,000 men. But as fast as troops have been brought home from outlying stations the aggregate strength of the army has been from time to time reduced, and the result is that we have now within the four seas about as many soldiers as we used to have, while we have lost the ultimate reserve supplied by the garrisons of Canada and the Cape, New Zealand and Australia. In carrying out the new Colonial policy, it was open to the Government to take the benefit to this country either in an increase of strength or a reduction of taxes. They chose the latter, and at the present moment the infantry forces at the disposal of the War Office are stated on authority to consist of 40,500 men. Behind this first line of defence we have what is called a reserve of 21,000, almost entirely composed of Militiamen who have engaged to serve in the Line, but only in the event of war. Whatever additional support the army may be thought to have gained by this arrangement is balanced by a corresponding reduction in the ranks of the Militia itself; and as a good proportion of the Militia invariably volunteer for general service on the outbreak of war, the practical working of the new reserve scheme will be little more than to give the Government a legal claim to services which would have been voluntarily offered if the reserve had never been called into being. The Militia itself, after deducting the reserve, stands at less than its ordinary strength; and beyond these forces we have nothing but the Volunteer army, capable, it is true, of almost indefinite expansion, and of incalculable improvement in efficiency, if time enough is only allowed, but stunted and depressed at the present time by the cold shade of official indifference, and the long-continued disparagement which has succeeded the extravagant laudation bestowed on their early efforts. If the complications of European politics should force us to take part in a struggle from which it will be the wisdom of England to hold aloof as long as honour permits, we have no right to calculate upon more than an interval of a few days between the first intimation and the actual commencement of hostilities. Recent disclosures have shown that these are not times in which any country, though she be as peaceful as Belgium or as cautious as Holland, can depend on anything but her own strength for the maintenance of her position and the preservation of peace. England is probably the only Power of any pretensions capable of what a prominent school of Continental statesmen would call the weakness of foregoing an advantage out of respect for obligations solemnly undertaken. Living in such an atmosphere as now darkens over Europe, it would be nothing but reckless confidence to waste the opportunity which, for the present at any rate, we enjoy of so adding to our strength as to enable us to hold our own in any contingency, and possibly to exert, when the opportune moment may arrive, a more powerful influence in favour of peace than can ever belong to States wholly unprepared for war. In the presence of the millions of armed men who swarm over the harvest-fields of Europe, it would be the idlest of visions to dream of creating an army capable of engaging with effect in the gigantic campaigns which are about to desolate the plains and the cities of the Continent. This is not and cannot be our rôle. But if the voice of England is to command any respect, she must at least be recognised as strong enough to bid defiance on her own shores to any enemy whom favourable contingencies might enable to gain a momentary foothold. The superiority of our navy to that of any other single Power is enough to make such a contingency improbable; but no one can foresee the combinations which may grow out of the war, and the calls upon our fleet are too

numerous and varied to allow us to reckon with absolute certainty upon invariable superiority at every point. In weight of metal and power of resistance several of our ironclads are unrivalled, but we have no such superiority in the number of our ships as we enjoyed during the great wars of former days. The navy is, as it ought to be, our first and main line of defence, and it is not from any want of confidence in our sailors that we insist upon a second line strong enough to defend our dockyards from any sudden raid, and to render ascent upon our coasts not only a hazardous but a hopeless enterprise. Adequate efforts might in a very moderate time place us in this enviable condition, but we are bound to say that this is not our condition now. There is something startling in hearing that, as a comparatively trifling episode in his great campaign, the Emperor of the FRENCH has despatched a fleet of ironclads and a force of 40,000 troops to effect a diversion on the North-German coasts. If the numbers have not been exaggerated, this little expedition, improvised in a few days, carries a force equal to the whole infantry of the British army at home. Contrasts of this kind may well make the most thoughtless reflect. It may not be practicable, and we do not know that it would be desirable, to attempt any very rapid and extensive increase in the numbers of our regular troops; but, relying as we do on forces comprising so very small a number of completely trained soldiers, it is of the gravest moment to ensure that, if few, they should be fit for service at a moment's notice, and that the partially trained Militia and Volunteers should be raised with all possible despatch to a higher state of efficiency than they can at present pretend to.

Unfortunately, many circumstances have conspired to render the regular army more than ordinarily unprepared for war. A revolution in the War Office has replaced a faulty but familiar machinery of supply by a new organization which, however superior in theory, has not yet been got into working order. Whether the fault lies with those who have the supreme direction of the new Supply Service, or with their inferiors, the whole system is out of joint, and if strained by any sudden trial, there is too much reason to believe that it would break down more signally than the old machinery did in the days of the Crimean campaign. Small as our army is, it would be but a fraction of it that could be brought into immediate active service. The commonest appliances are wanting. The artillery is to a great extent without horses, while our markets are being drained for the service of foreign armies. It is said, and we believe correctly, that we have scarcely an uncondemned ambulance and very few serviceable ammunition waggons in any of our stores. The cavalry regiments are lamentably below their strength, and even crack infantry battalions turn out, as they did the other day at Wimbledon, only a few hundreds strong. The store of breechloaders, though considerable, is so small that the reserves are not allowed to learn the use of the only arm with which troops can now be sent into battle. The supply of ammunition can scarcely be very satisfactory if there was ever any justification for Mr. CARDWELL's threat of limiting Volunteer Riflemen to 90 rounds a year. Mere material wants may sometimes be supplied by a well-organized and scientific staff with incredible rapidity, but the worst feature of the case is that there is now nothing worthy of the name of organization or science in the British army. What method there once was (and it was far enough from perfect) has been swept away to make room for the so-called Control system, which, from want of genius in its chiefs or of capacity in its subordinates, obstinately refuses to get into gear. It has been stated by Lord NORTHBROOK, on the authority of Sir HENRY STOKES, that supplies of all descriptions never stood better than they do at present; and on another occasion the astounding assertion was made, that the Woolwich establishments are in a condition to manufacture in a week as much ammunition as was fired away during the siege of Sebastopol—and this in the face of the fact that comparatively untrained men are now eagerly secured at Woolwich, to replace the skilled artisans who were so recklessly shipped off to Canada only a few months ago. We confess to a profound distrust of the vague and inflated statements which are attributed to the Control Department. From the Minister downwards there does not appear to be any human being who has troubled himself to ascertain by a detailed investigation whether the confidence which Sir HENRY STOKES seems to feel has any solid foundation. It is very generally believed that in many particulars, of which we have already specified ambulances, ammunition waggons, and horses, the matériel of our little army is not in a state to admit of its taking the field, and that the supply service is not so organized as to be capable

of performing the duties which war would throw upon it. Matters of such vital importance ought no longer to rest on the sole authority of a single official. There are not perhaps very many men in England who know from their own experience what an army requires in the field, and by what machinery its supplies can best be furnished; but the Government ought to be able to command the services of some such qualified officers, to report on the fitness of the army for active service and the extent to which the Control Department may be trusted to supply it. If such an inquiry had preceded the Russian war some of its most terrible incidents might have been spared, and we shall be as much astonished as gratified if it should be found that the machinery of supply is less disorganized now than it was when our cavalry horses starved in the valley before Balaclava.

Even if the organization of the handful of regular troops which we call an army were as perfect as we believe it to be imperfect, so insignificant a force would be almost lost in the tremendous operations of modern warfare. If we have been right in abandoning large standing armies, it follows of necessity that we must supplement them by a more numerous, though less highly trained force. And if this is to be our reliance, the Volunteers must be strengthened both in numbers and in efficiency. Let them once be made to understand that the Government, in the presence of actual events, desire that this should be done—let some little pains be taken to give them the organization of an army, and the zeal and assiduity needed to fit them thoroughly for their duties will not be wanting. But this alone would not suffice, unless the Commissariat and Transport, which is now defective even for a force of 50,000 men, is made capable of sudden expansion, so as to provide for the wants of hundreds of thousands. There are three vital questions which call for immediate answers:—

Is the Supply department in such a state as to admit of our regular army instantly taking the field?

Have any arrangements been made, or even considered, by which the Militia and Volunteers, if called out, could be properly armed and properly supplied?

Lastly, do the Government desire that the Volunteers should strengthen themselves, and are they prepared to say so? One word will suffice, but without that word nothing will be done.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE.

IT would seem that the blessings which are promised to peacemakers only apply to cases where they succeed in making peace. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord LYONS did their best, but their task was, as they soon discovered, from the first absolutely hopeless. The Duke of GRAMONT's declaration to the Legislative Body on the 6th of July had been settled in the Cabinet, probably by the EMPEROR himself, with the apparent intention of preventing any concession on the part of Prussia. It is not yet known whether Marshal PRIM had from time to time communicated to the French Government the progress of the negotiation; but it is certain that the French Minister at Madrid had received full information of the HOHENZOLLERN candidature many weeks before the formal announcement which was received in Paris with conventional surprise. Lord GRANVILLE, believing or assuming a belief in the sincerity of the French remonstrance, furnished the Duke of GRAMONT with a plausible ground for his subsequent statement that all the friendly Powers acknowledged the legitimacy of his complaint. The English communications with Prussia and with Spain were in fact confined to recommendations that, in deference to French susceptibility, the HOHENZOLLERN candidature should be withdrawn; but the Duke of GRAMONT was perhaps justified in treating as a mere formal reservation Lord GRANVILLE's statement that in the judgment of his Government the election of Prince LEOPOLD would not be a sufficient ground of war. Lord A. LOFTUS was expressly instructed to withhold from the Prussian Government the same expression of opinion. It is extremely difficult to hold the balance entirely even between two angry disputants. It is evident that Count BISMARCK believes that there has been a leaning to France, but the English Government may be excused for an attempt to remove the only ostensible cause of quarrel. At a later period of the negotiation Lord GRANVILLE disclaimed the Duke of GRAMONT's interpretation of his language, and plainly intimated his opinion that the responsibility of the final rupture rested with France. He had good reason to state that his Government were hurt by the abortive result of the concession which they had recommended. On the 8th of July the Duke of GRAMONT told Lord LYONS

that the question would be solved if the Prince of HOHENZOLLERN of his own accord abandoned his pretensions to the Spanish Crown. "A voluntary renunciation on the part of the Prince would, M. DE GRAMONT thought, be a most fortunate solution of difficult and intricate questions; and he begged HER MAJESTY'S Government to use all their influence to bring it about." It could not have been anticipated that the renunciation, when it was obtained, would be treated as intrinsically worthless. In one respect, as Mr. HORSMAN lately pointed out, Prince LEOPOLD's withdrawal was far from being inoperative. If he had persevered in his candidature, he would probably have been elected by the Cortes, and in that case Spain, which is now on strangely friendly terms with France, would necessarily have taken part in the war. It may therefore be contended that France obtained, in some degree through the influence of the English Government, a concession which was at the same time valuable and essentially irrevocable. The Duke of GRAMONT's declaration to Lord LYONS was not guarded by any conditional demand that the King of PRUSSIA should even approve of the abandonment of the candidature. On the 10th of July the Duke of GRAMONT again authorised Lord LYONS to inform Lord GRANVILLE that "if the Prince of HOHENZOLLERN should now, on the advice of the King of PRUSSIA, withdraw his acceptance of the Crown, the whole affair would be at an end." On the same day, or the day following, the Prince of HOHENZOLLERN withdrew his acceptance of the Crown, and, as it afterwards appeared, the King of PRUSSIA either advised or approved the renunciation. On the 12th the Duke of GRAMONT, in a conversation with Lord LYONS, made the significant remark that Spain was, at all events, now quite clear of the dispute. "The quarrel, if 'quarrel there was, was confined to France and Prussia."

On the 13th the Duke of GRAMONT delivered a paper to Lord LYONS containing a new ultimatum. "Nous demandons 'au Roi de PRUSSE de défendre au Prince de HOHENZOLLERN de revenir sur sa résolution. S'il le fait tout l'incident est terminé.'" Lord GRANVILLE declined to support the demand to its full extent, but he recommended the Prussian Government to agree that the KING should formally consent to the withdrawal of the candidature. The suggestion was unhesitatingly rejected by Count BISMARCK; but in the meantime the KING himself had anticipated the friendly recommendation of the English Government. The Duke of GRAMONT, in his statement to the Legislative Body on the 16th of July, expressly asserts that, on the 12th, "the KING consented to 'approve the renunciation of Prince LEOPOLD.'" For the second time, therefore, the French Minister deliberately disregarded a formal assurance communicated to the English Ambassador. At first the unconditional withdrawal of the candidature was to suffice; two days afterwards the KING of PRUSSIA was required to concur; and it was not until both demands were fully satisfied that the French Government insisted on a promise that the candidature should never be revived. If any proof were required that the war had been determined upon before the negotiations began, Lord LYONS's despatches clearly show that the French demands were constantly increased as the original causes of complaint became unavailable. If Count BISMARCK's opinions had been known at Paris, the Duke of GRAMONT would probably not have thought it necessary to fasten the quarrel personally on the KING. The Prussian Prime Minister would not have been disposed to concede to French diplomacy the bloodless triumph of which the official papers prematurely boasted. On the 13th of July he told Lord A. LOFTUS that the KING's courteous reception of M. BENEDETTI had produced general indignation throughout Prussia; and he not unreasonably expressed a hope that the English Ministers would, in Parliament or elsewhere, publicly express their sense of the KING's conciliatory conduct. He also intimated that his Government would insist on a retraction of the Duke of GRAMONT's menaces, and on explanations of the military measures which had been adopted by France. "I could not," said his Excellency, "hold communication with the French Ambassador after the language held to Prussia by the 'French Minister for Foreign Affairs in the face of Europe.'" It is possible that by the use of greater prudence the French Government might have obtained the great moral advantage of inducing Prussia to take the initiative in declaring war.

The offer of mediation in accordance with the Protocol of 1856 was offered only as a matter of form, and it was almost contemptuously rejected by both Powers. On another occasion M. DE GRAMONT, with scanty courtesy, told Lord LYONS that "he knew the English way of going on, and that we 'detested war.'" From a Frenchman the imputation of a peaceable disposition, though it is perfectly just, probably was meant to be sarcastic, if not offensive. It is highly desirable

that Continental Powers should understand that there are contingencies in which the English detestation of war may be overcome by paramount considerations. The French eagerness for war is only to be excused, as far as it is felt by the general community, by political and historical ignorance, carefully fostered by authors and by statesmen. The Germans, though they willingly accept the challenge, would not be ashamed to allow that to them also war is detestable. To their national unanimity testimony is borne from an unexpected quarter. Count BEUST told the English Ambassador at Vienna that "perhaps no one was better able to judge of the state of feeling in the South German States than himself; and he was convinced that, if France counted on the sympathies of those States for her cause, she would make a great mistake. With a view, therefore, to discourage her from looking to anything like support in that quarter, he had thought it well, in the interests of peace, to bring this conviction to her knowledge." When the King of WURTEMBERG rejoices to salute the arrival of the Prince of PRUSSIA to command the Southern Army "in our German cause," the popular feeling is abundantly demonstrated, whatever may be thought of Royal sympathies. The nefarious intrigues for the partition of the Low Countries which the French and Prussian Governments attribute to one another, have fortunately no connexion with the causes or pretexts of the present war. France is fighting for vanity, for glory, and for aggrandizement; and Germany for her own independence and unity. The assurances which both belligerents have given of their intention to respect neutral rights will be fulfilled, if it is understood that a breach of promise will entail a danger of English intervention. The explanations given in Parliament have added little or nothing to the information which is furnished by the published correspondence. The low and mischievous agitators who, under colour of pretended protests against war, take an opportunity of denouncing kings and aristocrats, will probably abstain from comment on the earnest endeavours of Lord GRANVILLE and the English representatives abroad to deter the French Government from its dangerous and culpable enterprise. They will also take care not to inquire why the French populace denounces peace, and clamorously insists on a war of conquest. In Germany all classes are still more deeply stirred, and the nation is entirely unanimous. If the OGENS and the LUCRAFTS were Frenchmen, they would probably be among the loudest bawlers for vengeance upon Prussia.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

THE statement of Lord GRANVILLE as to the course pursued by the English Government during the few agitated days that intervened between the first declaration of the Duke of GRAMONT and the outbreak of the war comes too late to reveal anything very new, but suffices to show that the part taken by the English Government was free from all reproach. That Lord GRANVILLE did everything to avert war, and that the diplomatic representatives of France and Germany both found him colder than they could wish, is the best possible tribute to him. Without lowering the dignity of England, and seeming to interfere needlessly in the affairs of others, or to be thinking too exclusively of the harm war would cause to English interests, Lord GRANVILLE could not have gone further than he did in his efforts to maintain peace. He acted at once; he acted promptly, and he acted effectually. He found himself, as he said, in the midst of combustible materials with lighted matches lying about among them, and everything ready to take fire. The only thing to be done was, if possible, to get rid of those lighted matches without inquiring how they had come there, or by whose fault the danger had been brought so near. He could not stop to inquire whether France was wrong. He only knew that she was, rightly or wrongly, very excited, very irritated, and burning to do something strong, violent, and startling. The first effort he made was to get the candidature of the Prince of HOHENZOLLERN put an end to. It was difficult to manage it, but somehow it was managed, although Lord GRANVILLE does not, of course, claim the exclusive credit of having brought it about. Mr. LAYARD worked very hard at Madrid, and Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS worked as hard as he could at Berlin; and in one way or other it came to pass that the Spanish Government informed the French Government officially that the candidature of the Prince was at an end and the Prince himself withdrawn. But France was not satisfied. It would have something more. It wanted the King of PRUSSIA to say that he would not again countenance the candidature of the Prince should the project be revived. It is evident

from the correspondence just published by the English Government that the two immediate causes of the war were—first, that the French Ministry at the outset challenged Prussia to fight by declaring that France could not tolerate a Prussian Prince on the Spanish throne; and, secondly, by declaring that France would try to make the King of PRUSSIA promise something for the future, instead of being satisfied with the removal of the present offence. The English Ministry met this new difficulty with as much good sense and skill as could be reasonably expected of the Government of any neutral Power. They suggested that France should not press its demand for a promise as to the future, but that the King of PRUSSIA should inform France that he withdrew the Prince's candidature in the same sense in which he had consented to it. France would not listen to this; Count BISMARCK would not listen to it. The only person concerned who was willing to adopt it was the King of PRUSSIA himself. Throughout these trying circumstances the King of PRUSSIA seems to have behaved with moderation, sense, and good temper, and to have been sincerely anxious to avoid war. But France was bent on war, and Count BISMARCK knew that it was bent on war; and we must add that his conversation, as reported by Lord A. LOFTUS, looks very much as if he were equally bent on it. An unhappy mistake finally lit the combustible materials, which, however, obviously would have blazed up even if this particular match had not chanced to light on them. The KING, after having refused to concede Count BENEDETTI's demand for a promise as to the future, was again addressed by him in the garden at Ems on the subject, but declined to go again into the subject with him. This was not very courteous or regular in M. BENEDETTI, and the Germans fired up at what they thought an insult to the Head of Germany. Count BISMARCK, in order, as he says, to satisfy Germany that the KING was acting with proper spirit, stated in a circular to the North German representatives that the KING had declined to speak further with M. BENEDETTI. The French fired up at this as an insult to their Court, and war immediately ensued. The English Government at the eleventh hour made the third effort at peace by recalling the terms of the Treaty of Paris to the recollection of the combatants. But this was a mere form. Mediation could obviously do nothing when the issue between the parties was one purely of national feeling, and of the desire for supremacy on the one hand, and of equality on the other. France formally declared war, and the labours of the English Government in behalf of peace came to an end.

Events move so rapidly in times like these that all this history of the endeavours, successes, and failures of the English Government seems already out of date, although it is scarcely a fortnight old. The news of the Secret Treaty said to have been proposed by France to Prussia has made all discussions as to Prince HOHENZOLLERN and M. BENEDETTI at Ems seem trivial and uninteresting. A treaty offered to Prussia by France, in which Prussia was to bind herself to help France to conquer Belgium and hold it against all the world, was startling in itself, and was especially startling to Englishmen, who saw that they would be instantly dragged into the war if a French conquest of Belgium was to be one of its incidents or consequences. We now know the history of this treaty about as much perhaps as we are ever likely to know it. There can be no doubt that the draft of such a treaty in the handwriting of M. BENEDETTI is in the possession of Prussia. The diplomatic representatives of other nations are invited to inspect it if they wish. The French Government does not deny that some such project was at one time discussed between the representatives of France and Prussia, but it says that the suggestion came from Count BISMARCK, not from M. BENEDETTI, and that directly the EMPEROR heard of it, he at once signified his entire disapproval. Count BISMARCK retorts by saying that this was only one of a series of offers and proposals made at different times by France to Prussia since the Danish war, all having for their object to get an increase of territory for France in return for countenance given to Prussian schemes of aggrandizement in Germany. France even offered to make war on Austria if Prussia would pay her in Rhenish land. These efforts to corrupt Prussia and to make her an accomplice in spoliation have been incessant. The Luxembourg affair was terminated by England's accepting the burden of a new guarantee. But, after this had been done, the first thing that France did, according to Count BISMARCK, was to propose again that she should be allowed to conquer Belgium. It is distinctly stated that the draft treaty in the handwriting of M. BENEDETTI was subsequent to the Luxembourg affair. The organs of the Prussian Government go further, and state that there are other revelations to come; that Prince NAPOLEON, among other things, went to Berlin

and suggested that there were cantons of Switzerland where French was the language of the people, and that in Piedmont it is impossible to say where French ends and Italian begins. All this undoubtedly shows that designs most fatal to the peace of Europe have floated through the minds of the EMPEROR and his representatives. It is impossible to believe that M. BENEDETTI was acting entirely without his master's knowledge, or to doubt that schemes for sharing plunder on a gigantic scale have been proposed in the last five or six years by France to Prussia. But there are two observations which it is, we think, important to make. The whole of the blame cannot be made to rest on France. Even if the French assertion that Count BISMARCK intimated a wish to appropriate Holland is untrue, yet all these overtures of spoliation cannot have been made time after time without encouragement. To say the very least, Prussia led France on to make them, and rejected them in such a way that they were soon made again. In the next place, when last Monday the *Times* published the Treaty, it augmented immensely the importance of the publication by positively stating that within the last few days since the present quarrel has sprung up, France has renewed the offer to forbear to cross the purposes of Prussia on condition of Belgium being given to France. This was most astonishing and alarming, for it would have stamped France as guilty of the blackest treachery towards England, to whose friendly aid France had just appealed, and it would have made us almost necessarily parties to the war. But happily there is no evidence whatever to show that the assertion was true. On the contrary, Count BISMARCK, who would have been sure to produce all the evidence he could of any recent design of France on Belgium, has none to offer, and contents himself with surmising, on what he calls good grounds, that if this Treaty had not been published, the French Government would now at this very moment have been proposing to Prussia that, as they are the only two Powers in a complete state of military preparation, they should unite against all the rest of Europe, and map out a new territorial arrangement of the Continent exactly as they pleased.

The publication of this Treaty, and the whole history of what happened during the period covered by the English Correspondence, have not injured France as much as Prussia probably calculated they would injure it. The origin of the Treaty and the circumstances under which it was drawn up are so obscure that conjecture cannot move altogether in a line favourable to the innocence and honesty of Prussia. The assertion that France, if this Treaty had not been published, would even now have renewed the offer, is only an assertion, and is open to the obvious criticism that, if Count BISMARCK could have reckoned on France committing such a gigantic blunder, he would certainly have let her commit it, and would not have had the draft printed in the *Times* so soon. The whole career of Count BISMARCK, too, inspires a conviction that he is the kind of man to whom unscrupulous proposals would naturally be made. It would be very interesting to know whether the King of Prussia had ever seen or heard of this Treaty in M. BENEDETTI's handwriting before this week. We confidently guess that it was as new to him as to every one else, and that it was only one part of a long series of intrigues between Count BISMARCK and M. BENEDETTI, of which the King of Prussia knew next to nothing, and the EMPEROR just as little or as much as he thought convenient. For the moment, however, the effect of the publication of the draft treaty has been beneficial to Belgium. It has strengthened the national jealousy of all attempts to put an end to Belgian independence; and it has called forth from France a distinct assertion that the EMPEROR's honour is pledged not to violate the neutrality of Belgium while Prussia respects it. Count BISMARCK, in the same way, has committed himself at the outset of the war to a strict pledge not to let the war lead to the dismemberment or weakening of neutral nations. England is at the head of the neutral nations, for no nation longs so earnestly to be neutral as she does, and the Government have used and will use their utmost influence to maintain inviolate the neutrality of Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland. As to Belgium, the mind of England is thoroughly made up to defend it if it is seriously menaced. It will be very necessary not to enact the part of policemen suspicious of every act and every movement, and seeing deep designs of fraud and robbery in trivial and accidental movements or incidents. We need not even say much about our helping Belgium, as if we were the sole guardians of Belgian neutrality, and as if we were challenging France and Prussia, and especially France, to dare to touch our little friend. This kind of neutrality is a sort of neutrality that may give very unnecessary

irritation, and lead to the war which we all long to avert. A calm and dignified reserve ought, as Lord GRANVILLE said, to be the attitude of England. We think both France and Prussia know perfectly well, and we hope Belgium knows, and we are sure we in England know, that we are determined to help Belgium if necessary. But so long as this is known, it will produce a much more salutary effect if there is no boasting about it; and although the Government should most certainly do all it can to make our tiny army effectual, and to let us avail ourselves at once of the full strength of our navy, yet it will be wise if it makes its preparations quietly, and so as not to court attention or to give unnecessary offence.

MR. GLADSTONE EN PHILOSOPHE.

WHEN Rome was burning, NERO played the fiddle. Rome is not burning, and Mr. GLADSTONE, the First Minister of England, is not an Imperial tyrant. But if Rome is not burning, all Europe is in a blaze. The most frightful war of our own times, a war which must equal, in horrors and devastation, the worst of historical wars, has begun. Bystanders with bated breath, and—as Scripture, in such cases always the best exponent of human nature, expresses it—men's hearts failing them for fear, await the dreadful crash, which is impending on the Rhine. One and only one thought possesses every mind in England—the general burden of Christendom, and its possible consequences to our own homes and hearths. This is not mere sentiment; we are not writing rhetorically; we only advert to a notorious fact. The one thought at home is whether our rulers rise to the great occasion. The responsibility of those who are the head of a great State like that of England, in such a political crisis as the present, it would be hard to exaggerate. Patriotism, or even common feeling, would exact the most generous consideration and a confidence all but blind in our rulers in such an emergency. But confidence must be mutual. We trust those who trust themselves. We would do everything to lighten the cares and responsibilities of those who realize those responsibilities. But the extremely painful question has suggested itself whether Mr. GLADSTONE at this crisis does realize his duties and responsibilities. He has, because he could not help it, answered in as few words as possible certain questions addressed to him in Parliament. Nobody complains that his utterance was constrained, and brief, and formal. Policy and duty required few words from the PREMIER. But he has not been disengaged. He has elaborated a long and formal vindication or apology for Mr. COBDEN, which, with slow and melancholy monotony he delivered at the Ship Tavern on Saturday last; and on Wednesday in his place in Parliament he delivered another long and extremely tedious essay, not on the Ballot, but on the fiduciary and representative character of the suffrage. It may be to Mr. GLADSTONE an impressive moral spectacle that when the Continent, in the person of the two most civilized nations, is rushing to arms, the serene Prime Minister of England can exhibit this calm and equable front—can indulge in the philosophical exercitation of composing and delivering Dialogues with the Dead. As a literary exercise it has its interest, to watch Mr. GLADSTONE placidly descending to the Elysian fields, and argufying with Lord PALMERSTON that he really ought now, if he were alive, to take another view of the Ballot, or consoling Mr. COBDEN on the banks of Styx with the reflection that, though his peace crotchets never had succeeded, they were based on a fairly justifiable theory. This may be a very philosophical and dignified position which Mr. GLADSTONE has taken; but there are occasions on which we forget our philosophy and throw our literature into the waste-paper basket. Just now the country is not philosophical, and would be even content were our PREMIER less philosophical. Mr. GLADSTONE is a thought too sublime for human nature's daily food. Very likely he might consider that he was exhibiting even a more exalted and superb self-possession were he to go down to Hawarden next week, and in despite of the season, take to felling of trees. But we are too hard, too commonplace, too dull to appreciate this grandeur of character. PIRRY dying of Austerlitz is a picture which recommends itself to our love and admiration; GLADSTONE discoursing on the Ballot toy, on the eve of Emperor and King, with half a million of soldiers at their backs, in deadly conflict, is a picture of quite another sort, and addresses itself to very different feelings.

We do not charge Mr. GLADSTONE with indifference or want of feeling, but we do say that he has a strange way of showing it. We do not say that Mr. GLADSTONE is not equal to the duties of

his station—awful duties just now; but the cool and impassive way in which he shows his sense of the calls which his country has upon him is at least very remarkable. Mr. GLADSTONE will have to prepare himself to be misunderstood. He may be, and we believe and trust that he will be found to be, equal to his greater and, one would think, paramount duties, and yet he may be able to discourse at length on one of the most trifling subjects which can waste the time of a reasonable man, the second reading of a Bill which is not to be proceeded with. One of two things is certain. Either Mr. GLADSTONE's posthumous consolation offered to the late Mr. CORDEN, and the posthumous argument which he conducted with the late Lord PALMERSTON, must have cost him some time to prepare, or these dull spoken essays were the mere recreations of his leisure. If from his mere love of talk he only poured out a free flow of words because he cannot help talking, we should say that just now the English PREMIER ought to have no hours of idleness, no moments to waste on idle words. If these two speeches were the result of thought, Mr. GLADSTONE's thoughts ought to have been concentrated on far different subjects, on subjects of Imperial magnitude and national concern. No doubt the hour of mediation between the foes has passed away; but we have ourselves to think of. The chances of this country being able to preserve its neutrality, never very promising, do not look brighter. Most of us are meditating, not without seriousness, on our state of preparation, on our defences, on our available forces, on our general policy, on our obligations to Belgium, on complications about Denmark. We look abroad with apprehensions; we look at home with misgivings. But Mr. GLADSTONE can find time for maundering about the Ballot. Mr. GLADSTONE is at the head of the strongest Ministry since that of PITT—the pilot who, if he did not always weather the storm, yet at least knew when a storm was blowing. Mr. GLADSTONE wields at will that which was once a fierce democracy, but which has of late taken to spaniel-like propensities; but we mistake the House of Commons, and we mistake the country of which the House of Commons is the representative, if the smallest clerk in a public office would not be welcomed at the helm of State should it unhappily force itself on the country that our chosen and trusted Minister does not rise to the present great emergency. That it should be necessary to say this is painful enough. There is a time and place for the *idéologue*, and a time and place for the statesman and the man of action. Just now we want the latter. Arid disquisitions on the "trusts" and "privileges" of the Parliamentary franchise are fair subjects for an essay or a debating society; but in this emergency a trust of another sort has been committed to the Prime Minister of England—the trust *ne quid detrimenti respublica copiat*.

THE WAR AND THE MONEY-MARKET.

IT is difficult to judge how much of the disturbance of Stock-Exchange prices is the result of merely irrational panic; but experience shows that the speculators who rule the money-market are, especially at extraordinary crises, in the habit both of propagating and of sharing delusions. The alarm occasioned by the outbreak of war between France and Germany inclined timid persons to withdraw or change their investments, even where there was no reason to suppose that their property would be safer in its new shape, or that the profits which it was previously earning were likely to be diminished. For some reductions of price there were substantial and adequate reasons. It was evident that the value of French stock was diminished by the certainty that the total amount of the debt would be largely increased; and the price of American bonds could not fail to be affected in the prospect that their chief market at Frankfurt would for the present be almost entirely closed. The Southern English railways will suffer by the withdrawal of a considerable portion of their traffic, although after a time the stream of travel through France to Switzerland and Italy may not perhaps be sensibly impeded.

The sympathy which in a normal condition of affairs connects almost all kinds of investments retains, by the operation of a natural fallacy, a portion of its influence when partial causes of depression or elevation are brought to bear on special classes of enterprises or obligations. Six months ago it might have been reasonably expected that Great Northern shares would rise or fall with South-Eastern; and the French and English funds would probably have experienced corresponding variations. At present, of a hundred clocks set to go together, a dozen or a score have been disturbed by a local concussion; and some presence of mind is required to distinguish between the true and the accidental

movement. The large dealers who directly rule the money-market by sales and purchases which are in the nature of bets, take into their account the motives and probable conduct of non-professional investors; and they almost always increase the force of a panic by their attempts to anticipate and discount it. It may be confidently assumed that the most important element in the depreciation of stocks and shares has been the well-founded anticipation of speculators that other speculators, as well as holders and purchasers, would be frightened. The rebound which had commenced before the publication of the alleged Project of a Treaty furnishes an almost superfluous proof that there was no reason why Consols should fall to 89, or Midland and London and North-Western shares from 130 to 120. The depreciation of investments ought to have adapted itself exactly to the rise in the value of money. The advance of the Bank rate of interest to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and afterwards to 4 per cent., accurately indicated the real character of the change which had up to that time occurred. The subsequent advance to 5 per cent. is due to later occurrences. It is true that, if England is ultimately drawn into a war, the secure enjoyment of all property will be greatly diminished, but the relative values of many kinds of investment—as, for instance, of English railway stocks, of shares in gas and water undertakings, and of land—will not necessarily be altered. Money would, in time of war, rise in value, but the process of precautionary hoarding has probably not yet commenced.

Even if the war is confined within its present limits, the value of money will be still further increased. Both the belligerents, although their first loans are contracted at home, will sooner or later appear in the London market as borrowers; and the rest of the world, finding that the supplies of Paris and Frankfurt are interrupted, must necessarily apply to England. An additional demand will be caused by the inevitable rise in the price of corn, when the effects of a probably deficient harvest at home are aggravated by the stoppage of almost all Continental supplies. The corn received from France has of late years formed about a tenth part of the whole amount imported, and France and Germany will require for the supply of their armies a considerable portion of the produce of Eastern Europe. Freights will rise from the diminished competition of foreign vessels, and it is possible that the navigation of the Baltic may be to some extent interrupted. The temporary monopoly of the cotton manufacture which will probably result from the artificial disturbance of French and German industry will require the employment of a certain capital. The iron trade which was previously reviving will also, notwithstanding the failure of some Continental contracts, receive a stimulus from the war. Capitalists who have realized their property in the hope of an increased demand for money may perhaps have exercised a sound judgment, but the mere preference of ready money to investments probably accounts but for a small portion of the sales which have lowered the market. As it is not a common practice to lock up large amounts of notes or specie in a strong box, the deposit accounts of the joint-stock banks would probably show with tolerable accuracy the amount of money which has lately been hoarded for future investment. In some instances holders have been forced to sell for the purpose of meeting liabilities which have become onerous or urgent in consequence of the war; but the amount of trading capital which is, in the intervals of active demand, invested in Stock-Exchange securities is probably not large. A part of the late panic was caused by the disaster which befel the Norwich Bank. The fall of prices precipitated the disclosure of insolvency, and the catastrophe in its turn reacted on the market.

The possible contingency of complications by which England might be drawn into the war had probably not entered into the calculations of share-dealers before the publication of the mysterious Project of Treaty. The increased demand for shipping which will prevail as long as neutrality is maintained may be set off, as far as it extends, against the risks which would be incurred in the event of war. It is not yet clearly understood how far neutral trade with either belligerent is likely to be incommoded. The Germans, conscious of their inferiority at sea, are naturally inclined to the most liberal policy; and it is in any case hardly probable that the intercourse between the two coasts of the Channel should be seriously interrupted. The French, if they think it worth while, will have no difficulty in blockading the German ports in the North Sea and the Baltic, but as long as neutral rights are respected the trade with Germany may be conveniently conducted by way of Holland and Belgium. It is only where the stronger Power, like the Federals in the latter

part of the American war, surrounds the enemy by sea and by land that blockades, since the introduction of railways, can produce their former effect. If the German ports are closed by the French fleet, it will not be worth the while of English adventurers to try on any considerable scale the perfectly legitimate experiment of running the blockade. Goods forwarded through Rotterdam to Pomerania would undersell similar commodities introduced by blockade-runners into Dantzic. The probable interruption of the trade of the commercial marine of Germany will increase the demand for English shipping; and it is likely that the risk of capture may raise the freight of French ships so far as to discourage merchants from chartering them. A certain proportion of the shipping of both the belligerent nations will, as during the American war, be transferred to a neutral flag.

There is no sufficient reason for the recent fall in the prices of the chief English railways, as far as it exceeded the rise in the value of money, although the barometer of the Stock Exchange is always deranged by a storm. The traffic receipts of the great commercial lines have been steadily increasing, and the probable improvement of trade will augment a prosperity which seems to be wholly independent of foreign wars. The mere fall in the price of cotton at Liverpool which has already taken place will cause a perceptible addition to the traffic of Lancashire, to be repeated when the manufactured goods are brought to market. The passenger traffic to the sea-coast and to other places of summer resort will be extraordinarily large; but the Kentish lines will scarcely receive a local equivalent for the diminution of their Continental trade. The impending rise in the value of money will be compatible with the maintenance of high prices. Stock-Exchange quotations have seldom been as high as during the two or three years preceding 1866, when the Bank rate of interest was seldom below five per cent.

It is impossible to estimate the effect which would be produced on all kinds of property if England were unfortunately entangled in a European war, with the inevitable consequence of hostile measures on the part of the United States. As long as the struggle on the Continent lasts, English prosperity will be precarious, but in the absence of any violent interruption it may not improbably be great. The enormous magnitude of modern armaments, and the popular organization which is necessary to maintain their numbers, interfere largely with the productive power of belligerent communities, while in some respects they stimulate consumption. Except in the supply of food, England is ready to fill any vacancy that can be found in the domain of industry. The most formidable of commercial competitors has for the present chosen to hamper domestic production by artificial contrivances intended for its benefit. Austria and Russia will contribute but little to the deficiency caused by the temporary misdirection of French and German energies.

THE COBDEN CLUB.

THE Cobden Club, if it survives, will follow the fortune of other societies which have adopted the names of eminent politicians. The Pitt Club, before it judiciously disappeared, existed for the purpose of protesting against Catholic Emancipation, Free-trade, and all other liberal principles which PITT himself had reconciled with a stern hostility to revolution. The Fox Club has become a select assemblage of hereditary Whigs who faithfully preserve the aristocratic and exclusive traditions of their eponymic hero, forgetting his eccentric sympathies with French Jacobinism. The Cobden Club has not yet had time to forget the spirit of its master's teaching, but on Saturday last it met to celebrate the frustration of his hopes, and the practical confutation of some of his most cherished doctrines. MR. GLADSTONE, whose melancholy eloquence must have counteracted the exhilarating effects of Greenwich champagne, interspersed personal eulogies on MR. COBDEN in the midst of a funeral oration on the departed peace which commercial intercourse was to render eternal. MR. COBDEN had persuaded himself that England was the only aggressive Power in the world; and he was never weary of denouncing in general and in detail the excessive armaments which in his opinion were maintained by successive Governments. As the compiler of his speeches justly boasts, he never retracted a statement or modified an opinion. On all suitable occasions he proved that war might be avoided without dishonour or difficulty; and when any rupture occurred with Burmah, with China, or with Russia, he was ready with plausible demonstrations that the special contest was the most iniquitous, or perhaps the most hopeless, on which the country had at any time engaged.

Immediately before the Peace of 1856 he published a pamphlet to show that the resources of Russia were inexhaustible, and that the war would therefore probably be endless; but, as his editor implies, and as he himself fully believed, he was, like the Pope, infallible, and therefore exempt from liability to retraction. He had the pleasure of observing a verbal recognition of his doctrines in the article of the Treaty of Paris which bound the various Powers to submit their differences to arbitration before resorting to the extreme remedy of force. He may perhaps have devised for himself some explanation of the inefficacy of the stipulation when France, Piedmont, and Austria suddenly went to war in 1859. He did not live to see the decisive campaign of 1866, and it remains for his disciples to explain away the late refusal, by both belligerents, of English mediation. Count BISMARCK'S reference to the English offer was courteous, and his reasons for declining it were conclusive; but it is unsatisfactory to know that the North German Parliament received the mention of Lord GRANVILLE'S despatch with a laugh of derision. When States desire to keep the peace, they can abstain from war without the help of an arbitrator.

It may be doubted whether MR. GLADSTONE was well advised in selecting for praise the width and variety of MR. COBDEN'S political judgment. He employed the faculties of a consummate advocate in supporting with undeviating consistency a few immutable convictions. Of an impartial and judicial examination of the evidence before him he seemed to be incapable, and the effect of his arguments was frequently impaired by the knowledge that he would have arrived at the same conclusions if the actual state of facts had been reversed. There is a strong presumption that he would never have approved of war on the part of England, except in direct self-defence. His warm sympathy with the Federal cause during the American war was explained by his love of democracy. MR. GLADSTONE at the COBDEN dinner complimented the great Power "which has asserted and demonstrated its capacity to weld a great continent into a single State." Perhaps he forgot for the moment that the task was accomplished in violation of MR. COBDEN'S principles, though in full accordance with his wishes, by an enormous army, at the cost of a quarter of a million of lives and of a thousand millions of pounds sterling. It may be true that the Northern States were justified in reclaiming the seceders at any possible expense of blood and treasure. There are just and unjust wars, and most wars are on one side just; but in any case war is the only mode of obtaining the results at which it aims. In no other way can France extend her territories or assert her supremacy on the Continent; nor can Germany maintain territorial integrity, independence, and unity, except by force of arms. It may be worth the while of the French EMPEROR to read a passage from MR. GLADSTONE'S speech in which the most peaceful of statesmen, and yet the Prime Minister of England, conveys a significant warning to would-be conquerors or robbers. "I rejoice," said MR. GLADSTONE, "to see that the country near to us, limited in extent and therefore in population, but illustrious in history and dear to Europe for the example she has presented, the country of Belgium, is represented at this board as you would wish her to be." MR. GLADSTONE, if he ever held MR. COBDEN'S doctrines, is now probably convinced that the safety of secondary States depends, not on the spread of commercial intercourse or on the moderation of their military neighbours, but on the determination of neutral Powers to maintain national liberty and right. It is impossible to suspect that MR. GLADSTONE, who has since intimated his belief in the authenticity of the alleged Project of Treaty, would have mentioned Belgium inadvertently, or without the purpose of renewing a pledge and conveying a significant intimation.

Free-trade and commercial treaties may perhaps in time modify warlike propensities, if there is a fair opportunity of trying the experiment; but if the supposed Treaty had been concluded, and if consequently the hostilities of France had been directed against England instead of Germany, MR. COBDEN'S Treaty would have increased the number and the influence of the French advocates for war. The delegates of the cotton trade who lately attended at Paris to furnish information to the French Commission on the Treaty have reported on their return that they found no organized party holding liberal views of commercial policy. Nearly all the exploded theories of Protection were revived for the purpose of denouncing the Treaty and its operation on every branch of French industry. Their only hope of its renewal depends on the probability that every branch of industry will advocate only such measures as tend to advance its own separate interest. The

winegrowers will probably be as unanimous in favour of the Treaty as the cotton manufacturers are in support of their own monopoly; and yet it may be doubted whether they will be equally noisy and energetic. All parties agree in leaving out of question the paramount interests of consumers who, in Europe as in America, are too ignorant and too disunited to defend themselves. The French cotton trade and iron trade would welcome a war which would incidentally put an end to competition, while the mass of purchasers would be easily induced to join the warlike clamour on some patriotic pretext. Mr. CORDEN, in his sanguine anticipation of the moral benefits of trade, forgot that commercial jealousies might stimulate hostile feelings against rival nations. That free exchange of all commodities is a general benefit to mankind is a truth which has hitherto been recognised in England alone of all old or new communities. Until the truth of Mr. CORDEN's economical doctrines is generally admitted, his expectations of the tendency of Free-trade to secure peace are likely to be disappointed.

Notwithstanding the temporary failure of Mr. CORDEN's prophecies, the principles of Free-trade are sound, and unnecessary wars are the most grievous of crimes. It may be well that English politicians, if they are powerless to check bloodshed, should record their protest against profligate ambition. Mr. GLADSTONE said with partial truth that "among all the wars by which the course of the nineteenth century has been chequered, there is none which may be regarded as more unmixedly sorrowful, more full of every painful association, and also of grievous anticipation for those who love their kind, than the war which is at this moment breaking out." If both parties had been equally responsible for the war, Mr. GLADSTONE's assertion would have required no qualification, and perhaps it was not the business of a responsible Minister to point his censure against either of the belligerents. It is not a cause for unmixedly sorrow that a great nation, after centuries of disunion, should accept with gladness and confidence the wanton challenge of a foreign aggressor; but, in ordinary rhetorical language, a war which is on one side unjust may be described as a war to be contemplated with unmixedly sorrow. Those who have accustomed themselves to believe in the rapid progress of morality are necessarily disheartened by a practical proof that nations or governments have not ceased to be unscrupulous. The inferences to be drawn from the rupture are not favourable to prospects of peace or to projects of disarmament. It would not be agreeable to the feelings of Englishmen that the celebrated phrase of "Perish Savoy" should be repeated and applied to Belgium. There is one thing more lamentable than an unjust war in the unresisted triumph of wrongful cupidity. Mr. GLADSTONE has seldom risen to a higher flight of eloquence than in his apostrophe to "those on whom it shall depend how long the rivers of human blood are to flow, and how long the earth shall blush for the follies of those who live on her breast." Yet it is necessary to remember that every German who fights, or causes his countrymen to fight, against French invasion is discharging the most sacred of duties with a self-sacrifice which is not to be called folly. Mr. GLADSTONE's words are addressed to those whom they may concern, and it is for obvious reasons not desirable that he should add a special direction. Within a fortnight vast sums have already been squandered, and many lives have probably been sacrificed through the first hardships of the campaign. The impending slaughter will be due to something worse than folly.

THE BENNETT CASE.

THE judgment pronounced by Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE in the Arches Court last Saturday is likely enough to be misunderstood. When it is announced to be a distinct triumph to the extreme High Church party, this is certainly to miss, or to misrepresent, its real significance. Substantially it is, as far as the principle which governs it, rather an advantage to the principle which in an evil sense may be called Latitudinarianism, but which also may be invoked under the more precise name of Toleration. We shall not say much, indeed next to nothing, about the doctrine which was before the Court. It is one which so entirely commends itself to deep and reverential feelings that it belongs to the class which we decline to discuss. Ever since Christianity has existed, the mystery of the Eucharist has been invested with a sanctity so profound that when men allowed their religious feelings and instincts full play, they said not as little, but as little precise and defined, as they could on a matter which, simply by its enunciation, was thought to be above and beyond definition. It was only when thought became hard and when

philosophy was resolved to fix every subject, spiritual and moral, into stern and unelastic definitions that the mode of the Divine presence in the Sacrament of the Eucharist was formulated. The scholastic philosophy made a hard and fast definition of the mystery; but this definition depended on technical terms, such as substance and accident, phrases unknown to the first ages of the Gospel. There was always a rebellion in the minds of better men against the importation of these technicalities into the spiritual part of the Gospel; and the general movement of thought, of which what is vaguely called the Reformation is a small portion, vindicated the propriety of leaving undefined what is incapable of definition. If it be said that the formularies of the Church of England after their successive revisions have left the doctrine of the Eucharist vague, or even if it should be proved that they are *prima facie* inconsistent, the answer is—not the common one, that such was the intention of the revisionists, for it may be doubted whether an intention was ever clearly presented to them—but that such must be the result when the principle of scholastic definition was abandoned. It is not so much that doctrine on many points was left of purpose open, as that it must come to be open because the necessity of precision was abandoned on subjects where precision was felt to be impossible. The result has been that for three centuries among ourselves very different views have been entertained and avowed on such subjects as the "Presence" and the "Sacrifice," and on such terms as "verily," "substantially," "really," and "formally"—as for other reasons, so because every one of these terms is susceptible of an almost infinite variety of meanings. Of late years, thanks to the phraseology introduced into speculative language by the late Mr. COLERIDGE, and the naturalization of the words "objective" and "subjective," often used vaguely and not seldom inaccurately, the mists of the old theological philosophy have been thickened by the obscurity of our own neological phrases, without much advantage to religious feeling. The consequence is that in discussing, far more frequently than the cause of religion required, sacramental doctrine, every writer has said pretty much what he pleased on this subject, without much care in defining the terms in which he used words capable of many subtle varieties of meaning. It is past doubt that, aggravated perhaps by a course of very unfair treatment to which he had been subjected by a late Bishop of London, Mr. BENNETT of Frome tried to see how far he could go in strong and inflated language on the chief mystery of the Christian Faith. An association had been formed with the purpose, scarcely concealed, of driving High Churchmen out of the Church. Possibly the promoters of this charitable object may have reconciled themselves to the pursuit of it as only a fair polemical retaliation for a similar intention, involved, if not avowed, in the attempt to drive out Mr. GORHAM and the Low Churchmen.

What, however, the GORHAM judgment and the *Essays and Reviews* judgment went upon was a principle the very reverse of that invoked by the Church Association in prosecuting Mr. BENNETT, and in a previous suit commenced—but which broke down—against Archdeacon DENISON for similar, but not so directly polemical, language on the same subject. Speaking roughly, the Privy Council has adopted the maxim, if there is such a one, or if not has invented it, *Sinit quod non vetat Ecclesia*. But the prosecutions of Mr. GORHAM and of Mr. BENNETT tend to establish the opposite, *Vetat quod non affirmat*. Even in the case of formularies the language of which might be pronounced to be rigidly accurate and exact, a non-natural interpretation may be assigned to them if the terms themselves of the formularies are not rigidly defined, and if learned men and divines of character and estimation have exercised a liberty of interpretation on them without restraint. The Baptismal Service, though it seems to most people to be precise enough in announcing Baptismal regeneration, is not to be pleaded so as to condemn those who hold regeneration to be a figure of speech, and the assertion of "everlasting fire" does not exclude from the Church those who deny the eternity of the punishment of the wicked. This has been pronounced to be law by the highest judicial decision, and on Mr. BENNETT's part this principle has been once more invoked. He has said strong things, extreme things; but the mode of the Sacramental Presence has not been strictly defined in terms, and authors of fame and repute can be produced by the score who, if they have not used Mr. BENNETT's language, have expressed themselves so as to hold doctrine which substantially is the same as that for which he is assailed. Upon this ground Sir R. PHILLIMORE frames his judgment, and it is not easy to see how the Privy Council can reverse it without abandon-

ing the judgments which they have delivered in the GORHAM and the *Essays and Reviews* cases. The case was presented to the Arches Court with a contemptuous indifference almost amounting to the sublime, by Mr. BENNETT. Strong apparently in the toleration already extended to the most extreme writers, Mr. BENNETT only admitted, because he could not deny, that he had written so and so, and he only claimed to be tolerated. He did not say, however he might think, that his doctrine ought to be made exclusive, he only asked to be let alone. He allowed judgment to go by default, and the Court held that there was no case against him.

The Church Association has spent its money for nothing; and as there is no order for costs, and as Mr. BENNETT has spent next to nothing, the subscribers of 50,000*l.*, who were actuated by the charitable purpose of creating a schism in the Church, and of expelling from its pale a party strong in numbers and influence, in learning and traditions, whatever may be thought of the discretion, or perhaps of the loyalty of some of its more extreme partisans, have now got to pay for their abortive attempt to interfere with the freedom of thought on a subject on which there always have been, and always must be, divergences of belief. This particular controversy has not been conducted in the most agreeable way. Mr. BENNETT threw out his speculations for the avowed purpose of creating a dispute. He invited a penit suit. Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE, with a severity not unbefitting the occasion, adverted to Mr. BENNETT's careless language, feeble reasoning, and superficial knowledge. So wild and hasty was Mr. BENNETT, so reckless in his challenge to be prosecuted, that in the first edition of his pamphlet he used language which was only not heretical because it was sheer nonsense. This language he retracted, though, as the Dean of Arches observed, without any expression of regret or self-reproach for the mischief which his crude and rash expressions had caused. Few will sympathize with the mode in which Mr. BENNETT has thought proper to present a very serious issue. He has pained those with whom he professes and wishes to agree; and he has exasperated his enemies. But because the case has been presented under the most irritating conditions and with accompaniments which might have presented a temptation to punish the author—the unconscious author, we trust—of much mischief, there is the greater reason to be satisfied with the calm judicial temper in which the case has been decided. It is an important contribution to toleration and comprehension in the Church of England. We hardly know how the judgment will be received by those whom it most immediately seems to affect—the High Church school. It is possible that they may misread or misapply it. Now that they are pronounced to be unassailable, they may adopt their opponents' policy and assail all those who deny the spiritual presence, or who confine themselves to what is called the receptionist theory. Such a policy is not only unwise, but it is sure to fail. They have on a former occasion, or on more than one former occasion, had to swallow the sour half of the ecclesiastical judgments; they have now got a sweet draught. Let them be content. And if we might advise, let even the Ritualists, if such is to be the phrase, identify themselves more closely with the Church of England as it is, embracing, as it must do, men of very different tendencies and tastes. So far as this judgment goes it vindicates their position in the Church of England. Let them adorn that Sparta of which they are sons. Half the discredit which attaches to them arises from the suspicion, whether just or not, that they prefer to the Church of England some ideal *petite église*, which is not actually out of the pale of, but a sort of adjunct to, the National Church. Hitherto they have affected an unwise isolation; they would attract more confidence and more success if they would show more loyalty. If they have found, as they have done, that the Church cannot turn them out, let them now try what will come of affectionate co-operation with the Church, and with its existing system and spirit.

THE WAR OF 1870.

II.

WAITING the first results of the mighty preparations on either side, it is natural to attempt such a general survey of the situation as may be useful for present information, as well as convenient for reference hereafter. This survey, to be of any value, must needs include a brief review of the numerical forces likely to be brought into play, the possible fields in which they may meet, avoiding barren speculations on the effect of tactical novelties which are yet unproved, and on which—the Prussian especially—the best-

informed and most patriotic minds are not agreed among themselves.

The nominal strength of the French army is well known to be 400,000 on the active lists, to which is being added a reserve of 250,000, many of whom are almost wholly untrained. Thus France would appear to be numerically hardly stronger than in 1859, when Crimean exigencies had raised the active army to more than 630,000 men, and on the whole to have fewer really serviceable soldiers to call upon. But in 1859, with every exertion, the EMPEROR only succeeded in carrying 230,000 soldiers into Italy, and despite certain improvements in the organization since made, and the far greater completeness of the railroad system of France, we have serious doubts whether much more can now be put in motion for action upon the Rhine. All that can positively be told at present is that six Army Corps have been collected on the western side of the Vosges. If each of these contains its full three divisions, and allowing for a small reserve to each corps and a larger one for the whole army, it is not probable that 300,000 soldiers could well be organized as we know those are of whom the EMPEROR is about to take command. It is true that NAPOLEON III. has one great advantage, which he had not in 1859, in the creation of the new Garde Mobile, which is to do most of the home garrison service. But this is fully counterbalanced by the fact that it is impossible for him to commit himself far from the French frontier without leaving so considerable an active force as could check, for a time at least, any movement by his enemies across his flank and rear with a view of operating directly against the French capital. Such information as we have, therefore, combines with former experience and with strategical considerations to make us believe that the real field force carried forward, if the French take the offensive, will hardly exceed a quarter of a million of men.

Turning to the Prussian side, we are able from the nature of the case to speak more certainly. The organization here by provinces is so fixed and definite, and was so exactly carried out into effect four years ago, that we may fairly calculate upon it as a basis. There are eleven Prussian Army Corps raised in as many provincial districts, besides that of Saxony (in every military respect now a Prussian province), numbered the 12th. A thirteenth, selected by special recruitment over the whole kingdom, forms the Guard Corps. Of these thirteen Army Corps it is probable that the 9th, 10th, and 11th, lately raised in Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, and Cassel, may not have their lists of *Reservisten* (or supplementary rank and file of over three years' service) properly complete. Yet on the whole, as some of the corps exceed the normal strength, and as there is a Hesse-Darmstadt division available not reckoned in any, it will not be too much to assume the active force now collecting at 390,000 men, or 30,000 a corps. The Landwehr—old soldiers for the most part—can certainly guard fortresses as well as the Garde Mobile of France, being in fact, except as regards their being usually encumbered by family ties, as useful a body of reserve as could be desired for the second line of a country to be defended. Between these two bodies come the Depot Battalions, or *Ersatz* Reserve, the numbers of which are very variously estimated, for the reason chiefly that its members are in two bans or categories, the second of which consists largely of men who have not been found physically efficient as recruits, and which, though enrolled, the State does not care to train. The real, or first-class *Ersatz*, contains probably not more than one-third of the 180,000 who are on the paper strength of the Confederation army under this head; but these 60,000 men, unlike the Landwehr, are specially held liable to fill up vacancies in the line, and are, in fact, in time of war, recruits preparing for field-service at the depôts. Excluding Landwehr and certain garrison battalions, it may be estimated that the North Germans could, upon a full strain, place nearly 450,000 men in the field, or rather 390,000 men at once, with a supplement of 60,000 getting ready to fill up the vacant places in the ranks.

Of the distribution of these vast numbers little yet is known, except that the general movement is towards the Rhine, where General HERWARTH—probably the finest specimen extant of the old Prussian school of officer—covers the lower section of the river with the 7th, 8th, and 11th (Rhenish, Westphalian, and Cassel) Army Corps. The consolidation of these was not completed when this week began; when finished, the General, if retaining the command, will naturally front from the Moselle towards the French with his 90,000 men. All the northern coasts of Prussia are entrusted to the keeping of General VOGEL VON FALKENSTEIN, the captor of the Hanoverian King and army in the last war, who, with headquarters at

Hanover, commands the Hanoverian (10th), the Schleswig-Holstein (9th), the East Prussian and Pomeranian (1st and 2nd) Army Corps. Berlin advises, however, show such heavy movements of troops to the west from the last two provinces, that we suspect strongly that VOGEL will not have left him the whole of the four corps. Supposing him to be allowed 100,000 for the protection of the ports and to cover the capital, there are just 200,000 men left to be concentrated in the chief army on the Rhine. As HERWARTH's command is assigned to him, and the CROWN PRINCE is to lead a Third Army, composed wholly or chiefly of South Germans, we shall not risk much in putting this force down as a First Army, under Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, and concluding it to be concentrating about Frankfort and Mayence.

No means are as yet at hand to enable us to judge whether this is strictly so, or whether a Prussian corps or more will not, as is most probable, be handed over (the Guards, 5th and 6th, have all fought under the CROWN PRINCE before), to form the nucleus of the South German forces. These, already constituted as the Third Army of the Confederation, are placed under the command of the CROWN PRINCE, an officer of whose vigour, careful study of his profession, and ability to judge of the *terrain* before him, the Bohemian campaign gave ample proof. The Bavarians should furnish at least one strong army corps, being able to put from 40,000 to 50,000 men into the field at will. The Wurtemberg and Baden Governments can each produce a strong division; and these, added to the contingent due from the part of Hesse-Darmstadt below the Main, would together supply a corps rather less in number than the Bavarian, but of excellent material. A single Prussian corps, if added as before suggested, will bring the CROWN PRINCE's muster-roll up to more than 100,000 combatants; but the South German troops can hardly be ready for the field as soon as their great ally, except possibly the Baden division, which, for some time past, by the GRAND DUKE's choice, has been administered by a Prussian general on Prussian principles.

Recapitulating the whole, therefore, it appears that the Germans will soon, if time is given them, face their enemy with three separate armies amounting to about 370,000 men, the largest being in the centre; and if we have erroneously underrated the exact French strength, we are not inclined to believe that it can equal that before them, when once the Confederation has its forces fairly in the field.

We have now to glance slightly at the theatre. Every one will understand that the French front of operations is far more limited at present than in former wars. The whole Rhine below Coblenz is practically closed by the neutralization of Luxembourg and Belgium, and above Strasburg by that of Switzerland. To move by his own left and the Moselle would commit the EMPEROR into a broken country terminating in the gorges of the river, with the additional difficulty of the great fortress of Coblenz and its impregnable outwork, Ehrenbreitstein, lying in his path, and requiring to be masked by a large detachment. In case of his taking a bold offensive, therefore, we may assume that it will be somewhere through the Vosges mountains, which are so easy of ascent from the French side, and so penetrated by great roads and railroads as to form no practical obstacle to his descent into the Palatinate. Such a descent (we are supposing him not at first to be met in great force) would bring him by a movement due eastward on Landau—a Bavarian fortress nowadays fallen into the second-rate rank—or north-east on Mayence, or, keeping to the south-east within his own frontier, to Strasburg.

Mayence is not only immensely strong in itself, but is situated opposite the junction of the Main with the Rhine, the stream forming the letter E, with the top towards the French; so that to invest it has at all times given them the special difficulty that it cannot be shut in but by dividing the investing forces into three separate fractions. To do this, except in case of a great victory previously won, must be considered out of the question, and we believe it may soon be found that this fortress is in reality the most important by far in all Europe, closing as it does the direct passage from France into the Saxon plains, the heart of North Germany. Landau, on the other hand, is of far less importance. Standing well away from the Rhine, it may be easily invested, even should it prove equal to resisting a *coup-de-main*. Rastadt, however, in the same valley, on the other (the Baden) side, and higher up the river, is far more formidable, and would prove a serious difficulty if the French invaded the South German States directly. This, of course, might be most easily done by Strasburg, where the passage is practically commanded; but to throw the bulk of the French force over

the river so far from that of the enemy, and to leave the KING the option of forcing his way to Paris by a combined march of HERWARTH's and the central army, whilst the CROWN PRINCE was kept on the defensive to check NAPOLEON, is so dangerous a strategy that we have no belief in its being attempted at the outset. But there is an intermediate plan which the EMPEROR may select, and which would solve several of his difficulties, that has not, as far as we are aware, been anywhere noticed. This would be to confine his operations entirely to the left bank of the Rhine, drive the German troops at once from the Prussian district on the Upper Moselle and from Rhenish Bavaria, shut in Mayence by a cordon on its west side, take or invest Landau, and then stand upon the defensive until his enemies developed their plans, and came over the river to seek him. The objection to this obviously is their holding the Mayence and Coblenz passages ready to manœuvre by at their option; but it has such manifest political and strategical advantages that we cannot think it should be left out of count by the ready writers who are carrying the French by direct marches to Berlin.

In these remarks we are of course taking for granted that the EMPEROR designs to begin at least with the offensive. His not doing so would be fatal to his own prestige, and to his admitted advantage of more forward preparation. We can hardly suppose he has forced the war on to begin it by repeating the mistake of Austria in 1866, and threatening without being ready to strike. And to be ready and not to strike would damage him with his own army and nation no less than a defeat. At the same time it is clear that within a very few days he will hardly have any longer the option of attacking inferior forces, even upon his own side of the Rhine.

MENTAL HORIZONS.

PHILOSOPHERS who speculate on the laws under which opinions are developed are sometimes puzzled by a curious, or what is represented as a curious, phenomenon. Old faiths, it is said, die out with singular rapidity and new ones spring up in their place, not through any process of reasoning, but apparently by the mysterious operation of something which we vaguely describe as the spirit of the age. A superstition is not slain because it is proved to have no foundation; nay, in some instances it would appear that the weight of such arguments as were popularly appreciable at the time were still in its favour; and yet it perishes as though some indefinable change which had taken place in the intellectual atmosphere deprived it of the elements from which it formerly drew sustenance. If, indeed, we had to wait for the enlightenment of mankind until errors had been formally disproved, and moreover until people at large were capable of appreciating the logical victory, we should have to wait a very long time. It is almost needless to repeat that whether some superstitions, such as that of witchcraft, have or have not been shown to be scientifically absurd, nine people in ten at the present moment must take both sides of the argument on trust. Plenty of people are capable of believing quite as great nonsense as their predecessors, though their pet nonsense is of a different kind. Various causes might be assigned for changes of opinion which are certainly not brought about by sheer weight of evidence. One of them, which is very potent, though it is not often expressly noticed, is the change in what we may call the mental horizons of different generations. The reasoning powers of mankind may be little, if at all, improved; but if their intellectual horizon is extended, or their point of view materially altered, a number of old beliefs will be spontaneously modified. Many inhabitants of London are very little above savages in point of intellectual vigour; indeed they have lost some of the talents which were developed in the savage by the necessity of making a living; but they have the one clear advantage of distinctly knowing that the world is not bounded by the next forest or range of mountains. That unfortunate peculiarity, again, of living in an island, and consequently entertaining a very dim belief that any foreigners really exist except in the shape of organ-grinders, has developed the provincial narrowmindedness with which Mr. Matthew Arnold so delicately reproaches his countrymen; just as, on the other hand, every American is more or less permanently giddy from steadily contemplating the amazing statistics of his continent. You can tell by a man's characteristic tone of thought what is the size of the region to which he has been confined, as distinctly as you can tell by his body whether he has been cramped by life in a particular workshop, or has led a life of cosmopolitan rambling. On the same principle, the change in the habitual range of observation has probably done more than almost any other cause to generate the modern tendencies of thought. Newton's discoveries did something by giving a model of scientific reasoning; but this effect was limited to a comparatively small number of persons, and only acted upon the mass very indirectly. On the other hand, the effect upon the imagination was enormous; the vivid belief, accepted, though of course not realized, by all reasonable people, that our planet is a ridiculously small affair and by no means the centre of the universe, did more to modify certain classes of opinions

than any direct argument. The philosophers, in fact, of that time are never tired of telling us what very contemptible creatures we ought to think ourselves, and of drawing obvious inferences unfavourable to ancient views of orthodoxy. It is curious to remark how constantly the Chinese used to be quoted on the same principles, not, as we are accustomed to hear them now quoted, as an awful example of the dangers of stereotyped uniformity, but as a pattern of wisdom and good sense. Partly it was due to the fact that they were considered to be deists, who managed to get on pretty well without the Christian religion, and were therefore satisfactory subjects of contemplation to infidel philosophers; but partly also because the mere fact that a majority of the human race lived under conditions so entirely strange to our experience roused a certain presumption against the creeds which were only familiar to a minority. Voltaire, for example, is always saying with more or less emphasis, Compare these three hundred million respectable Chinamen, who care for none of your doctrines and nevertheless get on remarkably well, with that detestable rabble of Jewish tribes, insignificant in numbers and living in a corner of the earth scarcely bigger than Wales. The argument that the truth of an opinion depends upon the numbers of the population which holds it, and upon the quantity of square miles over which they are spread, is certainly unsatisfactory; but the imagination is undoubtedly influenced by such a statement, and is apt to outrun the logical faculty. Indeed, this tendency illustrates one valuable result of the negative philosophy of the eighteenth century. It was at least so far useful, as by a necessary reaction it made the orthodox believers wider in their sympathies, and rendered it impossible for them to scatter damnation with the old bigoted zeal. When the world is regarded as consisting substantially of true believers, with just a little fringe of infidels outside, it is easy to pass upon these last a sentence of any degree of severity. In proportion as a truer conception becomes familiar, the necessity of taking a wider view and recognising the good which may exist amongst the most corrupt forms of belief becomes manifest, and a more liberal and comprehensive sentiment is generated.

It is true, indeed, that we can never help looking at things from the same point of view as if we were really at the centre of the universe, any more than we can get off our own shadow. When we heard the other day that several thousands of Japanese had been massacred, it probably spoiled nobody's appreciation of a single morsel of his breakfast, and it was not desirable that it should do so. Casuists have disputed whether a man in London would submit to pinching his little finger in order to save the life of a mandarin in Peking. It might be disputed whether or not he ought to do so; because the evil is in one case certain, whilst it is extremely doubtful whether the world would be benefited or injured by the loss of a single Chinaman. Fortunately, the question is merely speculative, and it is as well that our sympathies should be confined to cases in which they may lead to profitable action. If the moon were inhabited by a race of miserable beings, whose tortures we could perceive though we could not afford them the slightest comfort, the best thing we could do would be to prohibit the use of telescopes. It is out of the question that our emotions should be affected in proportion to the intrinsic merits of the case as it would appear to an outside observer. We must continue to use for practical purposes that kind of rough arithmetic which makes the death of a single Englishman on a metropolitan railway equal to the destruction of a hundred Americans on a Mississippi steamboat, or a hundred thousand natives of China or Japan. The only thing is to take care that our logical conclusions are not vitiated by the inevitable defect of our sympathies. For practical purposes we regard the sun chiefly as a big fire intended to warm this planet and save a considerable expenditure in gas. When we come to reason about his motions, we must remember that those long rows of figures which simply bewilder us in astronomical treatises have some real meaning, and may lead to very important conclusions. Undoubtedly the difficulty is very great. We have an almost irresistible tendency to consider ourselves as the centre of the world, and the pattern by which all other persons should be modelled.

There is a variety of fallacy, for example, which we constantly meet, and which pervades some books of considerable reputation. One of the best-known instances is in that ingenious work which was written to prove that Providence was always on the side of the Tories. The argument, which has been applied with very slight changes to many other things, was pretty much as follows. Here, said the writer in effect, was an admirable state of society, not quite perfect it is true, but capable of being reformed by gentle measures so as to meet all reasonable requirements, and which ought to have been modified accordingly by slow degrees. Suddenly there arose a handful of low scoundrels, moved, as we must suppose, literally by the instigation of the devil, and, behold! the whole of this beautiful fabric suddenly goes to hideous ruin, and a crash takes place which shakes the whole world to its foundations. Everybody can see the fallacy in this case. The tremendous explosion was a sufficient proof that something was hopelessly wrong; and people who see in history something more than a mad series of unaccountable movements will admit any great revolution to be as clear a proof that combustible matter had been collected as the explosion of a magazine is of the presence of gunpowder. It is clear that Sir Archibald's perspective was hopelessly disturbed. Looking upon the world from the exclusively Tory point of view, he practically left out of account the existence of all classes except the class which had a good coat on its

back, went to church twice upon Sunday, and ate three regular meals a-day. If brought to the point, by statistics, he would of course have admitted the existence of other persons, but he had not the imaginative power to realize the indisputable facts, or to make them an element of his calculations. Still less could he admit, when they put themselves so unmistakably in evidence, that he or his friends ought to have been prepared for them. Rather than admit that the catastrophe should have been foreseen, he would take refuge in any theory of diabolical instigation or natural insanity. Indeed the whole doctrine has never been expressed more naively than in that remark of Bishop Butler's, of which we have lately been reminded, that nations as well as individuals might possibly go mad. The French or the Prussians must be mad; the Northern or Southern Americans must have been mad; the Pope and the Council must be mad, it is suggested—and we would not say that there is no colour for the hypothesis in some of these instances; but, after all, it is merely a way of saying that, as the observer cannot account for the phenomenon, it must be the fault of the phenomenon. In other words, when something is unintelligible from our own point of view, we refuse to change our position, and gratify ourselves by assuming that by some perversity of things in general two and two have refused to make four in this particular instance, or that effects have for once declined to be indicative of causes. Two or three little propositions generally accepted would save a great deal of false reasoning in politics and elsewhere. If people would believe, on the one hand, that there is a great deal of human nature up and down in the world, and that when a large number of persons take to cutting throats on a large scale, or otherwise turning things upside down, there is some reason for it; and, on the other hand, that the particular set of fancies which have got into our own heads are not universally accepted by all reasoning beings, they would take a more sensible view of most events. But this last doctrine is so difficult of digestion that when some unexpected catastrophe occurs, we generally take refuge in a sudden interference of Providence which for the time being has suspended all natural laws and driven most human beings mad; or, in other words, given them, when in a different position from our own, a different set of opinions and sympathies.

MR. DICKENS'S WILL.

THERE are, it may reasonably be believed, other reasons than mere timorous and slavish fear of death which make so many men reluctant to make their wills. A man may be far above the vulgar feeling that the act of making his will precipitates the hour of death, and yet may hesitate a good deal before he commits himself to an act which, though not final, assumes finality. "This is the last will and testament"; it may be revoked or modified, but it has all the elements, not only of solemnity, but of irrevocability. The words are the words of a living man, but they will not be heard, nor take effect, until the speaker has lost the power of changing or explaining them. In settling a will we separate ourselves from the most ordinary motives which influence human action. Further information, a larger knowledge of facts at the moment perhaps imperfectly known or inadequately appreciated, repentance and change of mind for better or for worse, circumstances and motives re-arranging themselves both as to time and importance, all have their influence in forming the motives to an ordinary action of life, but a testamentary instrument cuts a man off from all these. It is not, therefore, altogether unreasonable that most people should be willing to let these circumstances and contingencies of the future be kept open as long as possible. Deferred wills, and even death-bed wills, are not always without justification. But from this it follows that his will usually displays the real man. The ruling passion is most irresistible when it presents itself under the most serious circumstances. The hard and unforgiving man is most hard and most unforgiving when he knows that the consequences of his disposition are incapable of change. The boastful and the swaggerer and the liar will swagger and lie more defiantly when he knows that, even if he is found out, it will be when indignation and censure can no longer affect him. [There is many a man who has gone out of the world with a lie in his right hand for the mere pitiful satisfaction of bolstering up to the very last the false position in which he has lived with his fellow-men. If a will, as it often does, brings out the best of a good man, it brings out the worst of a bad man. What is at the bottom of it all, we suppose, is the difficulty of realizing what the after life is. It is not life, but death, which settles the most weighty responsibility. The sacredness which civilization attaches to the dying man's bequests, intentions, and declarations attests the force which human nature recognises in the solemnity of death. It is only under the most extreme and rare circumstances that the provisions of a will are set aside. If we do not admit that a dying man prophesies, we attribute to him something of that Divine power which makes the future immutable. These are some of the more obvious considerations which invest the Voices from beyond the Tomb with especial interest.]

We are far from saying that such considerations have had any weight with the newspapers, still less with the newspaper eulogists, who have recently given such prominence to the late Mr. Charles Dickens's will. The newspapers have done but after their kind. The publication of Mr. Dickens's will, and the extravagant praises which have been lavished upon its earnestness and bravery and sincerity, and its manifold beauties, moral and social,

are only stages in the process of journalistic beatification to which Mr. Dickens has been subjected. That Mr. Dickens should be estimated by the newspapers quite as much as he deserves is not surprising. He is the representative of the ordinary newspaper excellences and newspaper literature; a very favourable specimen, but one more especially identified with the body of writers who salute themselves as the Fourth Estate, with an occasional ignorance of what the Three Estates are. We have been among the first to admit Mr. Dickens's very remarkable powers. The man who has contributed so much to the cheerfulness of so many homes is in his way a benefactor to the human race. His death, like that of any other popular man, creates a blank; but we should hardly say that the "melancholy tidings darkened a hundred millions of homes with the sense of a personal loss." But the merits of such a writer—undoubted and great merits—run a chance of being seriously disparaged with thinking men when more value is given to his influence than it deserves. To speak of him, as he is spoken of, as "the literary emperor who has just fallen amidst the universal trophies of his genius," is rather high flattery, which it may well be, seeing that it comes from New York. We have the highest relish for Sairey Gamp and Sam Weller, but it is quite another thing to be summoned to bow down before "the Christlike spirit of tenderness and charity which pervades all his compositions." To speak of his Christmas Carols and sentimental works of that kind, poor in themselves, and produced like other articles of the season, the *Illustrated News* of the Christmas week, for example, ordinary matters of merchandize, as the results of "a pen dipped in tears and his own heart's blood," is not so much grotesque gabble as revolting and offensive. For the life of us we cannot believe that, even when Mr. Dickens was writing his "tales with a purpose," and was inveighing against the evils of Yorkshire schools, the Court of Chancery, public offices, and imprisonment for debt, he was "doing the work of a surpliced priest." It is of course mere blasphemous raving to speak of Little Nell, and the death of Paul Dombey—and Mr. Dickens's pathos was always very pumped-up and melodramatic—as "bearing on his sympathetic mind, in distant resemblance to Christ, the awful load of the sorrow and mystery of humanity." We are not charging all the sermon-writers or newspaper panegyrist of Mr. Dickens with this amount of profane folly; but we ask with amazement what there is in Mr. Dickens's life to elevate him into the character of a saint or hero, what there is in his writings to put them on the range of the four Gospels? A very great humourist he was, but that he is "one of the greatest and most persuasive of preachers" we may be permitted to doubt, unless we admit the gospel of jollity to be a divine revelation. Mr. Dickens, and it is no disparagement of him to say so, understood the world; he presented himself to men as men were willing to take him. It became the fashion at Newspaper Fund dinners and Guilds of Art, to consider, or to affect to consider, him the representative of English literature. The world to whom Grotes and Hallams and Thirlwalls and Darwins and Newmans are dull professional writers, saluted the author of the *Chimes* as a benefactor of the human race. It rather stirs the temper—and unless it is moderated, it may stir the gall—all this idolatry of a life which, after all, is only that of a successful *littérateur* by no means blind to his own interests. Mr. Dickens realized a large fortune by his works, and by a semi-dramatic exhibition of them and himself in performances on a stage or platform, which he called Readings. This is by no means discreditable; but we fail to see anything very "brave" or "earnest" or "heroic" about it. Mr. Dickens wrote stories, and in the most money-getting form, in a decreasing ratio of interest and power, till he wrote himself out. He then adopted another mode of airing his popularity, and read and recited till his health broke down; and then he took to stories again, but with what success those, if any such there be, who have read through what he left of *Edwin Drood* can tell us. And then he died and left a will behind him; and we are invited to fall into ecstasies at the beauties and divine character of his will. And here we must remark that to say much on this subject is distasteful, and, unless we were challenged to the issue, would be somewhat indecorous and improper. We are little inclined to consider Mr. Dickens an apostle; but words would fail us to express the indignation we feel, if it is true, as we are told, that some obscure preacher, not an Englishman, has been base enough to describe his death, a death lamented by us all, as a Divine judgment for his irreligion. In a certain sense we think Mr. Dickens was religious; he certainly revered the Saviour, and he tells us that he "rewrote the Gospels for his children long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak." It may be no great loss to the world that this fifth Gospel has not been preserved, but we have not a word to say about Mr. Dickens's personal faith or professions. We have nothing whatever to do with subjects on which he has been silent.

Mr. Dickens's will stands on different grounds, and as the world's judgment has been invoked on its merits, we must say that it strikes us as being rather a painful document. The natural reluctance to say this is diminished by the fact that the will was written to the world. Mr. Dickens's last charge to mankind is of the nature of a solemn receipt, *ubi et ubi*, quite as much as a testamentary document. It is a *pièce justificative*; which implies that there is something to justify. It is not the first time that Mr. Dickens has invited the whole world to survey his private and domestic concerns. His will is the complement of that strange document which Mr. Dickens published—and

which Messrs. Bradbury and Evans would not allow to be published in a periodical of which he was editor and they were proprietors—when he separated from his wife. As to the rights or wrongs of that separation, or rather of what led to it, we pronounce no judgment, because we have no means of forming a judgment. Anyhow the incident furnished a remarkable absence of good taste and, as most people thought, of good feeling, and all on one side. Mr. Dickens paraded his domestic life to the world; Mrs. Dickens from that day to this has kept a modest and creditable silence. That Mr. Dickens had wrongs we shall neither deny nor affirm; that Mrs. Dickens had none it would be hard to believe. One wrong she certainly had; she was assailed by her husband in public. Mr. Dickens might have had justice all on his side; we do not say that he had not; but generosity on that occasion he did not display. And generosity he has not displayed in his dying testament. With the worst taste, Mr. Dickens, when in the vigour of life, affronted his wife by making his married life public property; and dying he has repeated the wrong and offence. Profuse and unctuous and stilted in his expressions of gratitude to his wife's sister, liberal in the provision that he has made for that lady, not forgetful of another lady, he has reduced his wife's income by one half after his death, with something of a self-laudatory announcement that he has already been far too generous to her during his life. He leaves to his wife, as an annuity, the interest of 8,000*l.*, coupled with the boastful reminder that he has since their separation allowed her 600*l.* a-year. We hardly call this "brave" or "earnest." If Mr. Dickens had been annoyed by his wife's temper or lack of sympathy with his noble nature, some lingering touch of the human kindness of which we are told that he is the evangelist might have warmed his heart or his pen when he came to speak of the mother of his children with the words of a dying man. His heart might be all charity and all love to the whole human race, but it was chilly enough to one dispossessed lady, that lady his own wife—who, whether she has wrongs or sorrows, at least kept them to herself. To Miss Ternan and Miss Hogarth Mr. Dickens very likely has duties, and he has cheerfully recognised them by word and deed. Are we told to believe that all his duties to his wife were summed up by giving her an annuity without a single word of recognition, or if it were needed, of forgiveness and reconciliation? After saying this, which only a sense of duty, stimulated by the provocation offered by Mr. Dickens's worshippers, has extorted from us, we shall not waste our time in exposing the bad taste of what the illustrious testator inserts in his will about his funeral. The ostentation of unostentatiousness is as offensive as the display of the most exaggerated love of posthumous honours and expensive obsequies; and among the social vices which Mr. Dickens's works have exposed, the pride which apes humility is rather curiously illustrated in his death.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

WITHIN one short month M. Prévost-Paradol sailed from France in the *Lafayette*, as Minister to the United States, presented his credentials to the President at Washington, communicated to the American Secretary of Foreign Affairs the determination of the Cabinet of the Tuileries to observe the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris during the war, shot himself through the heart, was followed to a temporary grave by the whole diplomatic body and a multitude of mourners, and was succeeded in the vacant post by an obscure diplomatist from Chili, whose appointment was recorded in the official journal on the day when the mortal remains of his predecessor were conveyed on board the *Lafayette* for her return voyage to Havre. The sudden and tragical disappearance of so rare and fine a spirit as that of the late French Minister to Washington, even amidst the tumultuous excitement of a great European war, struck the public of both worlds with a shock of sorrowful consternation and amazement. In his own country, where he was best known and most loved, the private friends and the public adversaries of twenty years wept alike over the cruel and untimely fate of one whose early and abundant promise had ripened from blossom to fruit under the double auspices of genius and good fortune, only to perish in its prime. A meagre paragraph in the official journal relates how M. Prévost-Paradol, who had achieved a certain "notoriety" in literature, and had been chosen by the Emperor to represent France in the United States, and who it was hoped might have lived to render more and longer service to His Majesty and to the State, had succumbed to *aneurism of the heart*. Such was the euphemistic phraseology by which the French Government endeavoured to efface the impression upon the public mind of an act of disgust, impatience, and despair. The Atlantic Telegraph had already transmitted the result of the coroner's inquest, which left no doubt that the death of M. Prévost-Paradol was neither natural nor accidental, neither the consequence of disease, nor of an intolerable climate, nor of excessive labour, but a deliberate and desperate escape from a post accepted with compunction and misgiving, and which unexpected and unforeseen events had made it difficult to resign without appearing to desert a national duty, and impossible to hold without loss of self-respect. As soon as the truth of this catastrophe was known in France its causes were only too well understood by those who knew with what reluctance and anxiety M. Prévost-Paradol had consented in May to accept an appointment which had been offered

(and withdrawn) under very different circumstances and conditions in January. Even in January, when more than one honest Liberal in France believed in the restoration of Parliamentary government and free institutions, it was not without hesitation and uneasiness that M. Prévost-Paradol had listened to the solicitations of M. Ollivier and Count Daru, against the earnest dissuasions of many friends and associates of his own age, who already anticipated M. Ollivier's defection, and the return of Personal government, with all its dangers and equivocations, through a plébiscite. M. Paradol, indeed, belonged to that younger generation who had come of age under the Second Empire, had consumed nineteen of the freshest years of manhood in an unrelenting warfare of Liberal opinion against the holders of power and the distributors of patronage, had suffered poverty, imprisonment, and persecution for the sake of principles which only a minority of noble minds upheld, and who, whatever might be their personal predilections or regrets, had always consistently promised to support any dynasty or system that would re-establish a free Parliament, a responsible Ministry, and all the other indispensable public liberties. Taken at his word by the Ministry of the Second of January, he might have held back at least until the consolidation of Parliamentary and public liberties was secured by a new electoral law, and by the dissolution of the Corps Législatif; when Count Daru had imprudently suggested the plébiscite, and that base instrument of a democratic despotism was eagerly set in motion, he might have declared himself altogether absolved from an engagement the conditions of which could no longer be fulfilled. Unfortunately M. Prévost-Paradol, willing to hope against hope for better days to come, weary of the torments and the labours of Sisyphus, sick and tired of the incessant drudgery and servitude of the press, anxious as any reasonable father who has passed his middle term of life should be to secure a patrimony for his children, silenced or suppressed as well as he could his own besetting doubts and fears, and resolved to relinquish a moral and political independence for which he had been content to suffer all the penalties of isolation, and to sacrifice his best years. There were gratifying and encouraging circumstances attending his appointment to the Legation at Washington which might well appear to justify his hopes. By the American colony in Paris he was welcomed with enthusiasm as the fittest representative of Liberal France, and on the other side of the Atlantic his coming was hailed with emphatic goodwill by the whole community. His excellent personal relations in Paris and his intellectual distinction as a member of the Academy could not fail to ensure him the respect and sympathy of his diplomatic colleagues and of the choicest American society. His most attached and intimate friends predicted for him a happy second marriage, and his return to public life in Europe as the possessor of an ample fortune.

Amidst these mingled anticipations M. Prévost-Paradol embarked for New York. There was not a cloud upon the horizon when his friends waved their last farewells to the vanishing *Lafayette*, and the political sky was equally serene. Whether the sorrowful and despondent thoughts which had weighed so heavily upon him amidst the congratulations of his friends in Paris, and which it was impossible for affection not to divine in the weary weight of the eyes and the visible effort of the smile, once so joyous and so buoyant, came back upon him in his loneliness on the sea, we know not. But the first announcement that reached the *Lafayette* as she approached the bay of New York was the declaration of war by France to Prussia, and in the first newspapers he may have encountered at New York he would have read the Duc de Gramont's violent warlike message to the Corps Législatif and the noble protest of M. Thiers against the furious acclamations of an official majority. The first telegraphic instructions he received at Washington would have revealed to him the full significance of the fact that he was the accredited Minister of a Napoleonic Empire, about to fulfil its natural destiny by precipitating France into a war of aggression against united Germany, in defiance of the public opinion of all Europe. M. Prévost-Paradol, a disciple of M. Thiers, was not one of those Liberals who had acquiesced in the right of Italy and of Germany to possess themselves in unity without consulting the sentiments or the interests of France. He was not one of those French Liberals "of the future" who believed that with peace and liberty France would regain and preserve her rightful supremacy in European civilization. In his *France Nouvelle* he had declared that the unity of Germany must be the fatal and final decadence of France; and that sooner or later France must draw her sword to prevent it. Although as a philosopher and a moralist he abhorred war, as a patriot he insisted that any attempt on the part of Prussia to transgress the Treaty of Prague must bring the armies of France into the field. But he had never contemplated a war to be waged by France against all Germany on the frivolous pretext of a personal affront—a war beginning in a conspiracy of provocation, conducted in the absence of public liberty at home, and regarded by neutral Europe as a war of Napoleonic revindication, designed to crown the Second Empire with glory, and at one stroke to revive the *légende* of St. Helena and restore a military despotism. Well might M. Prévost-Paradol, in the silence and solitude of his meditations at Washington, ask himself what would become of his country if defeated in such a war, and of liberty if the Second Empire was victorious. It may be that the torrid heat (more than fifty deaths from sunstroke were reported in a single day at New York) had so relaxed the fibres which bind body and soul together, that all the future appeared to his ardent

and sensitive brain a dark and inextricable labyrinth. Surrounded by strange faces in an unaccustomed world, he may have felt that extreme sense of solitude which makes despairing thoughts doubly difficult to bear. There is a passage in an essay he wrote on De Tocqueville where his own fate seems to be foreshadowed; the fate of a noble nature, shattered by public cares and public sorrows, by the loss of all the generous illusions which elevate and purify the human heart and "make ambition virtue." One of the ablest of French critics, an intimate and devoted personal friend of Paradol, has discovered in a story written by him ten years ago, and published anonymously in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of "Madame de Marcy," a more mysterious presentiment of his own end. The hero of that story of Parisian life, a man of letters, commits suicide from sheer weariness of existence:—"Once resolved to accomplish his design, Ferni recovered all his habitual presence of mind and energy of will to execute it. He started for St. Petersburg. No sooner had he arrived in Russia than he showed symptoms of that mental derangement which is so commonly deceptive, and then blew out his brains. This accident, appearing to be the result of temporary insanity, gave great pain to society at St. Petersburg, and the suicide created the same painful surprise in Paris, where Ferni had made many warm friends. He was universally regretted, and almost all the newspapers in Europe expressed sorrow for his untimely end." The authorship of this story was oddly detected by M. Paradol's friends through a quotation from Lucretius, his inseparable poet. For that sublime disdain of life and that austere melancholy which breathe through the Third Book of the *De Rerum Naturâ*, M. Prévost-Paradol had an intense admiration, and he has left some exquisite pages of comment on that incomparable monument of Pagan genius and philosophy. Some years ago there was an interval in his career as a journalist—"the most literary of journalists," as M. Scherer so felicitously calls him—when the threats and persecutions of the Imperial Government compelled him to abandon politics and to contribute literary criticisms only to the *Débats*. To that enforced retreat we are indebted for perfectly delightful papers on the Latin and the French moralists. As a political journalist he was not less remarkable for the ease and rapidity with which he wrote, than for the finished simplicity and transparent clearness of his style, and the grace of that irony which pointed the arrows of reason as with diamonds and gave wings to common sense. There have been few, if any, more consummate products of the highest instruction in France than this master of rhetoric, although his admission to the Academy was premature, if the number and quality of the candidates whom he passed over be taken into account. In private life he seemed singularly happy; he was no recluse, and his figure was equally familiar among the company on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne, and in the *foyer de la danse* at the Grand Opera. But he had been acquainted with great sorrows; he had lost a beloved and loving wife, and in his solicitude for the children of that marriage may be found perhaps the simple secret of his seduction into official life under the Empire. Much as he outwardly enjoyed the life of Paris, no one knew better its disenchantments and its contrasts, or was more disdainful at heart of the sad sameness and satiety of the world's delights. There was an undertone of melancholy scepticism in all his thoughts; and in bequeathing to his children the agonized memory of their sudden desertion, we are tempted to believe that he trusted to the very violence of their calamity to redeem the loss in some measure by the tenderness and commiseration which it could not fail to excite on their behalf. It would doubtless be very difficult to find on our side of the Channel a nature so delicately organized and so finely strung. In a prosperous and fat-hearted community which has comfort for its God, the idea of a man's shooting himself through the heart instead of resigning his office, and calmly writing to his friends and acquaintances to explain his reasons, seems preternaturally absurd. Perhaps it is; and perhaps this extreme form of susceptibility is peculiar to countries in which duelling is still practised, and is somewhat analogous to that other and larger susceptibility which precipitates a nation into war for glory or prestige.

THE DISSENTERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IF the Session of 1870 comes to be honoured by any special name of its own, it ought certainly to be called the Dissenting Session. From February to July more seems to have been said, heard, and written about Nonconformists and their ways than in all previous Sessions put together. Church questions have pretty well dropped out of the cognizance of the House of Commons; but any satisfaction we may have felt on that account has been sadly premature if the vacant space is to be filled with the imaginary wrongs and the aggressive rights of Messrs. Miall and Dixon. The first of these gentlemen cannot certainly be charged with any want of sectarian patriotism. He has given notice of his intention to ask Parliament next Session to apply to the Church of England the disestablishment and disendowment which has been awarded to the Irish Church. Whatever else he may decry, at all events he magnifies his denomination. The Dissenters, he tells us, are the heart and the hands of the Liberal cause in this country. It is they who have given it whatever new impulse it has now, or will have for years to come. It is their spirit which has carried Mr. Gladstone and his

policy in triumph over every obstacle. These constitute their political claims. Their moral claims are that they are moderate, disinterested, reasonable, and easy to deal with. And yet, with all these merits staring the Government in the face, Ministers have actually carried an Education Bill through the House of Commons which is not in all respects what Dissenters would like it to be. It is a compromise. It excludes the formularies of the Church of England from rate-supported schools, but it does not altogether exclude its doctrines. It does not forbid Churchmen to relieve the State of a part of the burden of providing a secular education on condition of being allowed to super-add religious teaching. It gives the Church of England a fair field in regard to voluntary schools, and it does not greatly overweight her in regard to rate-supported schools. Mr. Miall and Mr. Dixon do not disguise that this is not what they had expected from a Liberal Government. They had looked for what they call, in their dry, humorous way, a really Liberal measure—a measure which would have prevented the majority of parents in any district from having their children instructed in their own religion, no matter what safeguards might be provided for the consciences of the minority, and have forbidden any future grant of public money to voluntary schools, with the declared object of placing them under disadvantages which must ultimately be fatal to their continuance. Perhaps we ought to count it among the examples of Dissenting moderation that it would not, so far as appears, have insisted on all previous grants being repaid by the managers of voluntary schools or their representatives. This was the sort of Bill the Dissenters hoped for when they placed Mr. Gladstone in office. They have failed to get it, and the consequences of their failure were described in the same debate by Mr. Dixon. The most earnest supporters of the Government are filled with "suspicion, distrust, and antagonism." They have been accustomed to an "attitude of opposition." They have learned how to make "appeals which will have to be repeated to the great Liberal party outside the House." Mr. Gladstone has had his way, but he has had it by means of Conservative votes, and in some future day of reckoning he will regret with unavailing yearnings the true and tried Liberalism which he has driven into the Opposition lobby.

Those who, on their own showing, have done so much to make Mr. Gladstone the strong Minister he is, might have been expected to know their man a little better. The history of the present Session has shown how much he will do to keep his party together. It would be hard to find a parallel to the action of the Government in reference to this very measure. The Bill was recast in one of its most essential features, under an unprecedented pressure of public business, for the sake of conciliating a section of his supporters whose real strength in the House of Commons was quite inadequate to make their threatened secession of very serious moment. In more than one speech Mr. Gladstone has taken extraordinary pains to show his appreciation of the Dissenting position and to meet Dissenting objections. But no Minister resents more hotly any approach to dictation. When the alternative lay between submitting to it on a point of far less importance than the religious clauses of an Education Bill and taking the Liberal party into Opposition, he chose the latter course without hesitation, and adhered to it without regret or misgiving. Mr. Gladstone was not likely, when at the head of a majority which the utmost efforts of the mutineers below the gangway could only lessen, not destroy, to sit still under accusations which would have roused him to anger if the existence of his Cabinet had depended on his remaining silent. His answer to Mr. Miall on Friday was the speech of a man who feels that forbearance has been thrown away and concession proved to be unavailing. Its drift throughout was "Thy support perish with thee." We have many common objects to pursue; and so long as you think that, by supporting us, you further your own purposes, you are welcome to work with us. But when you wish to confine the action of the Government within the narrow circle of your own ideas—when you give us for an end the interests, not of the community generally, but of a particular section of it—it behoves us to recollect that we are administering the affairs of the whole people, not of this or that denomination, and that we must "propose to ourselves no meaner or narrower object than the welfare of the Empire at large." We do not regret that these words were not spoken earlier in the Session, because they are all the more likely to make their mark in the country now that Mr. Gladstone has shown that he does not defy opposition on the part of his own adherents until he has had recourse to all reasonable means of disarming it. But we are sure that, now that they have been spoken, Mr. Miall and his friends will do well to lay them to heart. The Dissenters are strong in numbers, and still more in organization; but they are neither the Liberal party nor the people of England; and if they attempt to make themselves the paramount arbiters of legislation, they will be taught this lesson in a way which will not be pleasant to their self-importance. For a good many years back the policy of the Liberal party has been largely identified with the removal of the various disabilities which have been imposed for the last two centuries on English Nonconformists. During this period there has existed a sort of negative identity between Liberal principles and Dissent, and so long as the Nonconformists can point to a single grievance unredressed, the strength they derive from this identity will not be wholly unexhausted. But the grievances now left to them are so few in number that, unless they are able to husband them by some unforeseen economy, the time must shortly come when they will stand in all respects on a level with the rest of their countrymen, and will find that the exceptional importance of late

attributed to them has died with the wrongs on which it was founded.

The opposition the Dissenters have again manifested to the inclusion of "religious profession" under the headings of the Census is to be regretted, not because the Church of England will suffer from the omission, but because it is discreditable that the scientific classification of statistical data should be sacrificed to the supposed needs of sectarian partisanship. We can understand why the Dissenters should object to an enumeration which gave to the Church of England the whole of that large class of persons who take no active interest in religious matters, and whose devotion to the Established Church is summed up in this—that they have no preference for any other communion. We maintain indeed that it would have been perfectly fair to take a religious census in this way, inasmuch as this passive and negative support is an important element in the strength of a religious establishment, and, as such, its amount is worthy of being noted. Still the information thus gained would often be used by enthusiastic advocates of a Church Establishment as meaning something more than this. The thousands or millions thus added to the Church of England would be held to be Churchmen in the same sense as the members of Dissenting congregations are credited to their respective denominations, and the conclusion drawn from this process would be obviously unfair to the Nonconformists. But there can be no reason why this process and that resorted to in 1851 should not be resorted to simultaneously. Let us know how many of the English people profess and call themselves Churchmen, and how many set themselves down as Wesleyans or Independents. Let us know also how large a percentage of the members of each denomination give that active proof of their affection for it which is involved in attendance on its public services. In this way we shall ascertain how many lukewarm and how many zealous members each communion can lay claim to. Thus one calculation will balance another, and what the Dissenters lose in mere numbers they may claim to gain in that more trustworthy strength which comes from enthusiasm and efficiency. This double return might surely have been insisted on by the Government with no undue disregard of the feelings of their Nonconformist supporters.

TRAMPS AND BEGGARS.

ONE is tempted to wish that for some purposes and for a short time absolute power could prevail in London. The vagabond who goes the round of the casual wards of workhouses would be, under a sterner government, an impossibility. He would have the opportunity to become a soldier, or, if he were unfit for fighting, he would at least be compelled to work. We read of men, apparently able-bodied, who have never had a home and do not know their parents, and who have been suffered to become mere encumbrances on society. It surely would be practicable for Government to take charge of youths who are likely to become such men, and at least to attempt to train them in industrious and sober habits. People who are shocked at the proposal of a foundling hospital would do well to remember that a baby-farm is a worse thing. If it be true that children are starved and drugged to death in London, we cannot help thinking that some of them would be worth rearing by the State. A regiment of nobody's children might prove very fair soldiers, or a colony which wants labour would take any number of healthy foundlings that could be sent to it. The unhealthy foundlings would be undoubtedly a difficulty, but even these might be trained to some sort of productive labour. As regards vagrants, they clearly ought to be taken in hand when young, so as to prevent the formation of vicious habits which cannot be corrected.

These remarks have been suggested by reports upon the casual poor which have been made by officers of the Metropolitan police. These officers meet commonly with "casuals" who have done, and expect to do, nothing all their lives but tramp. As one of them said with simple eloquence, "it is only for life," and that probably a short one. Yet there must have been a time, even though it is now gone by, when these poor casuals had in them some capacity for good. The police officer who reports his examination of "three most incorrigible vagabonds who had been casual paupers all their lives" was doubtless accurate in his description, but it suggests nevertheless that there was once a time when these vagabonds were not incorrigible. *Latent scintilla forsan*, and even in the minds of these neglected outcasts there may have shone a feeble half-extinguished glimmer of that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But we have been unable to reclaim these outcasts because, among other reasons, we could not settle the quantity and quality of the dogmatic theology that they must be taught. While we have been disputing, they have grown from youth to manhood. The bad seed only has been sown in their hearts, and by their fruit we now may know them. They have entered on a career of evil which cannot be checked, although an expensive machinery of police and magistrates is maintained to check it. The only human or divine ordinance for which they have any regard is the Sabbath. "They like Saturday night; they have not to pick oakum the following morning." The clever hands among them probably feed as well as if they laboured. One of them said that he did not get a goose every day for dinner, but there was always something to be got hold of if you kept your eyes open. This man was the type of many who, if they can beg food and obtain casual relief, are quite satisfied with

their condition. Some of them, however, devote a portion of their abundant leisure to political speculation. They would like to have a say at the "big 'uns"—meaning, we suppose, the Queen, Lords, and Commons—who are "a bad lot" to men like them. But, speaking generally, we may say that the casuals are the only class of Englishmen who are contented. If they grow tired of tramping they indulge in the fun of a "break-up" in the workhouse, for which they go to gaol. Even the young men do not wish to emigrate. They like their life, particularly in London, too well for that. They prefer the casual wards for sleeping to the common lodging-houses which exist in London and many large towns. One of them had read in a newspaper that the casual wards were to be done away with, but he thought it would take the Government all their time to do that. This man, who was a politician, believed that the country was going to ruin. He hoped that the Americans would go to war, and take Canada. He thought that would stir things up. Almost the only employment that these men follow with any steadiness is picking up cigar ends to smoke in their pipes. Two young men told the officer that they got on very well for "grab," but not half so well for "bacca." They never had any friends to care about them that they could recollect. They went about all over the country. They wished the winter would go quite away, as then they should not come to the "steel" or casual ward. They had had several rows in workhouses, but got the worst of it, as the "beak" believed the "butty," or superintendent, and sent them to prison. "These two young men," says the officer, "presented one of the worst features of vagrancy—a love of roaming about the country, a thorough resolution never to work, and, when occasion favoured, a determination to be refractory." This is the picture of a hopeless, shameless outcast from society, yet some features of the character may be recognised in men to whom society owes much. The men who discovered and explored America and the ocean that lies beyond it had a love of roaming and a hatred of steady peaceful work. It is to be feared that Drake, Raleigh, and many more adventurers of famous name, and notably Mr. Kingsley's hero John Oxenham of Plymouth, would have been obnoxious to this policeman's censure. The determination to be refractory which might have produced only "sturdy knaves," as they would have been called in England, became, by crossing the Atlantic, a determination to fight with Spaniards in the name of patriotism and religion. The resolution not to work unless compelled is ineradicable even in vagrants who are not otherwise refractory. The offer of 2s. 6d. per day to cleanse the streets from snow was accepted by only two casuals in Westminster, although the ward was full of able-bodied vagrants.

The regular well-known beggars of the London streets appear to occupy in their profession a higher place than the ordinary tramps who have been described. The fatigue of wandering about from one casual ward to another would unfit these beggars for the steady exercise of their calling, and accordingly they pass their nights in the common lodging-houses of the metropolis. The heads of the profession are to be found in Regent Street and Oxford Street, but nevertheless the police are doubtless correct in saying that if beggars in general depended upon the alms of genteel people their trade would rapidly become extinct. One of the familiar West-end types of beggar is the old soldier, who wears a tattered uniform and can tell a very good tale of feats of broil and battle to those who are weak enough to listen to him. We are told, in reference to a man of this class, that "when favoured by circumstances he generally passes the evening in getting drunk." But there are beggars who maintain families respectably by their labour. An officer inquired at the address given to him by a blind man well known in Oxford Street and Charing Cross, and found that he, his wife, and two children were all supported by the proceeds of his begging. The man and his family were well conducted, and he generally begged till very late in the evening. Another frequenter of the same neighbourhood, a cripple, who wheels himself on a truck, is stated to be the only support of an aged mother. There are among the beggars and casuals of London a great number of men who have served in the army for the period required by the Enlistment Act. It is stated as the result of inquiry which is likely to have been accurate, that a man at the age of thirty or thirty-five years finds it almost impossible, if ever so willing, to gain employment where manual labour is required, if the employers know that he has served ten years in the army. If this statement be true, it deserves attention by the "big 'uns." A soldier is paid for military service, and not for being rendered unfit for civil service after his discharge. We should think that discharged soldiers would be useful in the colonies, if not at home, and arrangements should be made for their emigration before they are reduced to tramping. It is difficult to understand why people of intelligence give so much as they do to beggars. If a general resolution were taken to refuse alms, they would cease to be solicited. It is also difficult to understand why the police do not take more active measures of repression, unless it be that they have satisfied themselves that no possible measures would be effectual. If they put a beggar in prison for a month, he begs as before when he comes out of prison. Indeed there is nothing else that he can do, and society has only to choose between maintaining him by alms or out of taxes. We are told that a blind woman, well known round Charing Cross, has been in prison sixteen times in seven years. On the whole, we conclude that the police must be in the habit of leaving the quiet respectable beggar to ply his trade unmolested,

and perhaps this is the best they can do. But still we cannot understand why they allow the "chalkers" to execute elaborate designs upon frequented pavements. Within the last few days a ship at sea, the Sultan of Turkey, and the indispensable mackarel were to be seen at three o'clock in the afternoon upon the pavement just beyond Hyde Park Corner. This "chalking" is so obviously a trade, that it is wonderful that charity should be moved by it. The men who have lost their limbs in an explosion or a shipwreck appeal to an instinct which it is difficult to repress; and it is usually manifest that they have lost their limbs, although perhaps under circumstances little adapted for pictorial representation. Two of these men are in the habit of exhibiting a large canvas painting of a ship in a terrific storm, about to be submerged by a vast wave, with a long streak of lightning crossing the picture. An inscription states that the men were on board a ship that was wrecked off "Cape Castle," and thus they account for the loss of their limbs. But in truth one of them had his legs amputated in the London Hospital, and the arm of the other appears to have withered without assistance from the sea air. After the labours of the day they often get very drunk, and the man who has lost his legs uses his wooden stumps in a way that makes him the terror of the lodging-houses which he frequents. It is, however, undeniable that he has lost his legs, and unless he could maintain himself by begging, he must go into the workhouse, to which he and all his class have a fixed aversion. We can hardly blame him for begging to keep out of it, nor do we complain of his continuing to exist in his maimed condition either in the workhouse or in the streets. But we think that some strong measure should be taken to prevent the increase of the class of able-bodied vagrants. The children of nobody should be adopted by the State.

THE NEW DOGMA AND THE OPPOSITION.

TWO or three centuries ago the incidents which marked the last Solemn Session of the Vatican Council on July 18 would have been felt, by both sides alike, as giving visible token of the judgment of God on the presumptuous Pontiff who arrogated to himself a share in the Divine infallibility. Instead of the glory of the noonday sunshine, which was to have glowed like a nimbus round the brow of the "Vice-God"—the expression is not ours—as he proclaimed his own apotheosis, the proverbial splendour of the Italian heavens was turned for that day into darkness, only relieved by the lurid glare of lightning. Nearly all the members of the Council most conspicuous for personal weight or ecclesiastical position were flying or had already fled from the devoted city when Pius IX. announced to those who stayed to listen to him, in accents broken by the crash of thunder and the dull heavy thud of the descending torrents of rain, the hard-won and disputed vote which invested him, alone and exclusively, with all and more than all the inferrancy ever claimed for Scripture, Tradition, Council, or the Universal Church. The ceremony, taken as a ceremony, appears to have fallen very flat; and as for the moral significance of the decree, even Pius IX. must have been dimly conscious of something very like a *fiasco*. That writers should be found who see a strict analogy between the Vatican definition of Monday week and the solemn judgments issued, say, in the fourth century at Nice and Constantinople, only proves how very imperfectly the sense of the ludicrous is developed in certain minds. But it is time to go back to some of the events preceding the final pageant, now that our conjectures of last week have been confirmed by the fuller information which has subsequently come to hand. The exact circumstances of the first voting in General Congregation on July 13, and the names and numbers of those who took part in it, are now before us. That the result should have been felt by the Court party as a surprise and disappointment is not wonderful, the more so as so many of the Opposition prelates had been compelled to leave Rome from illness. And we can quite believe that Cardinal Bilio may have "appeared almost paralysed and fainting," as one account states, when the numbers were read out. But to resume the thread of the narrative.

It had been hotly discussed, up to the last moment, whether the Opposition should vote a simple *Non placet* or should all combine in a *Placet juxta modum*; and the question concerned not only the fourth chapter of the *Schema*, on infallibility, but the third also, which for the first time formally defines the universal episcopate of the Pope in the precise sense declared by Gregory the Great to be blasphemy. No pains were spared by the Curialists to induce the Opposition to content themselves with a conditional vote, which it was of course expected would be merged in a general *Placet* at the Solemn Session; and they were warned that they would be called upon before quitting Rome to sign two papers, one containing a profession of faith in the new dogma, the other an attestation of the perfect freedom of the Council throughout. On July 12 an international meeting of the minority was held, when about seventy bishops attended. Ketteler, Melchers (Archbishop of Cologne), and Archbishop Landriot of Rheims suggested that all should vote *juxta modum*, proposing at the same time a formula which they would insist upon as the condition of their subsequent assent. But it was felt that this would in fact be to betray the cause, and that a *placet*, however guarded, would be understood as an admission of the broad principle of Papal infallibility. The three Cardinals—

Schwarzenberg, Rauscher, and Mathieu—primates Simor and Guinoulhiac, Strossmayer, and others strenuously resisted the proposal, and the Archbishop of Milan observed—what proved true in the event—that some infallibilists would vote *juxta modum*, desiring the dogma to be more sharply defined. “The only course for us,” he added, “who are convinced of the falseness of this doctrine, is to say No plainly and directly.” And this was accordingly determined on. Still it was studiously reported in all directions that not above ten at most would venture to say *non placet*, and the Pope himself said this in an audience given the day before the Congregation to Darboy, who had assured him there would be a very considerable number of dissentients. By the morning of the 13th the truth was pretty well known, and at the beginning of the Session Dechamps made a last attempt, by a direct appeal to the Opposition leaders, to persuade them to vote *juxta modum*, promising some kind of concession. This trick was of course too transparent to succeed, and one of the bishops of the minority said plainly to him, “C’est une impudence sans exemple.” When it came to the voting there were 88 *non-placets*, 62 *juxta modum*, and it appeared that 90 bishops in Rome had purposely stayed away from the Council, making a total of 240 more or less strongly opposed to the definition, except that some few of the *juxta modum* voters, as we have said before, were infallibilists. This is rather a large deduction from “moral unanimity.” In reading out the names of the conditional voters, the presiding Legate said, “quorum, quantum possibile erit, habebitur ratio”—a promise which was felt to be no better than an insult, but which was actually redeemed, in the sense of the ultra-infallibilists, by inserting a fresh and more stringent clause in the decree, to assert that the Pope’s decisions are “irreformable in themselves and independently of the consent of the Church.”

When we come to analyse the names, we find three cardinals—Schwarzenberg, Rauscher, and Mathieu—among the *non-placets*: three more—De Silvestri, Guidi, and Trevisanato (Patriarch of Venice)—among the conditionals; and seven, including Antonelli, who abstained from voting at all, of whom all but Hohenlohe are Italians. The 83 non-contents include the Patriarchs of Antioch and Babylon, the primates of Hungary, Austria, and France, the Archbishops of Milan, Olmutz, Munich, Lyons, Halifax, Tyre, Caloca (Haynald), and several more. The Archbishop of St. Louis (Kenrick) had previously left Rome. A dogma already rejected at Paris, Vienna, Prague, Gran, and by the whole Hungarian Church—not to speak of Milan, or of the Oriental and American bishops—can hardly be said even to be on its trial. We may observe that, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the Propaganda, all the Oriental bishops are to be found in one or other of the three dissentient classes, either among the *non-placets*, or the conditionals, or the non-voters. Among the archbishops of the second class are those of Salzburg, Granada, Manila, Burgos, Cologne, Rheims, New York, and several more; fifteen archbishops, not reckoning cardinals, abstained from voting, among whom are the Italian primates of Palermo and Malta. As regards English and Irish votes, about which our readers may be curious, we find among the *non-placets* the names of MacHale and Moriarty, and Bishops Vaughan of Plymouth, and Clifford of Clifton; Bishops Ullathorne and Chadwick (of Newcastle) voted *juxta modum*; Bishop Turner of Salford, and the Irish Bishops Furlong and Leahy, stayed away. Archbishop Errington, whose name does not occur, must apparently have left Rome. The result looks startling enough, but Pius was still unconvinced, and expected that a special miracle would convert all the recalcitrants before the Solemn Session. A French bishop, whom he saw for the first time during the interval, and reproached with being a friend of Caesar instead of a friend of the Pope, replied that his white hairs proved he had nothing to fear or hope for in this world, but his conscience compelled him to vote against the new dogma. “No,” exclaimed His Holiness, “you will not vote against it; the Holy Ghost will enlighten you at the decisive moment, and you will all say *placet*.” But no single member of the Opposition faltered, and all the appliances of the Curia could only wring 83 additional *placets* from the 152 conditional voters or non-voters, reinforced probably by some fresh recruits from the neighbourhood of Rome. A last attempt to shake the resolve of Pius was made at noon on Sunday the 17th, when a deputation of the minority waited on him, headed by Cardinal Rauscher, and urged on his attention the grave dangers of the proposed decree. Another member of the deputation—Darboy or Schwarzenberg—is said to have even told him that the decree, when passed, would not be worth the paper it was written on. But the Pope said it was too late to recede, and the Opposition then resolved on their final step. Why they should not have repeated their *non placet* in the Solemn Session we hardly see; but the course they actually adopted comes to much the same thing. Our readers will have already seen the text of the Latin memorial they handed in to the Pope before quitting Rome, which was signed by all of them except Ketteler, and by all the Oriental bishops. Ketteler and Melchers of Cologne presented a separate manifesto of their own. The document opens with a reference to the large numbers who had directly or indirectly negatived the decree, or purposely abstained from voting, besides those who had been already compelled to return to their dioceses. It then proceeds:—

Our votes have thus become known to your Holiness and to the whole world, and it has been seen how many bishops assent to our judgment; thus have we discharged the duty incumbent on us. Nothing has occurred since to change our opinion, but many very weighty circumstances which

confirm us in our determination. And, therefore, we declare that we renew and confirm our votes already given. Confirming them accordingly by this document, we have decided to absent ourselves from the public Session on the 18th. The filial reverence which has just led us to send a deputation to your Holiness forbids us saying *non placet* in your presence in a matter directly concerning your person. Moreover, our votes in Solemn Session would simply be a repetition of the votes already given in General Congregation. We therefore return at once to our flocks, who greatly need us after so long an absence, on account of the fears of war, and still more for their spiritual exigencies; and we grieve to know that we shall also find their peace and tranquillity of conscience troubled on account of the lamentable circumstances in which we find ourselves.

The manifesto, while studiously courteous and deferential in tone, is quite unmistakable in its purport. It clearly means that those who signed it adhere to their rejection of the decree on infallibility, and will neither publish nor execute it in their dioceses. It is true, we believe, that the decrees of a Council are not held to be formally binding till the Council is over, and the bishops have subscribed them. If so, there is still a *locus penitentie* for the Curia, which, however, it is very unlikely to avail itself of as long as Pío Nono lives. And there are pretty sure to be many among the infallibilist bishops whose zeal will outrun the traditional requirements of precedent and canon law. So we may soon expect to witness the first fruits of Papal infallibility in the unedifying spectacle of a house divided against itself. It is already reported, on authority which can hardly be questioned, that a large secession of Austrian Catholics to Protestantism is imminent, unless the decrees of the Vatican Council are promptly repudiated by the ecclesiastical authorities there.

Meanwhile there are already signs of a coming conflict in quarters where they might hardly have been looked for. There is probably no section of the Church, beyond the walls of Rome itself, where the dominant spirit is so fiercely and fervently Ultramontane as among the Roman Catholics of England. Nor is the phenomenon difficult to account for. They form a small body in the midst of an unfriendly population, and the old Catholic families are at once united together and inspired with zeal by the long tradition of privations and persecutions patiently endured for their faith. And then, at the moment when legal disabilities and social ostracism were beginning to be relaxed, came the irruption of converts who had sacrificed most of them all the associations, interests, and affections of half a lifetime for their adopted creed, and whose leaders, as one of themselves has observed, were, with one illustrious exception, “Ultramontanes before they were Catholics.” The late Cardinal Wiseman, whose earlier policy was of a very different kind, was completely carried away by the current; his successor has been throughout the guiding spirit of the infallibilist bishops at the Council, and all the younger generation of priests have been trained on the convert model. One of them insisted not long ago, from the pulpit of a well-known Roman Catholic church in the metropolis, that it is not enough to believe the infallibility of the Pope’s official judgments; every opinion on whatever subject he expresses in conversation is infallible. Yet a resolute opposition is beginning to manifest itself among both the clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic Church in England. We have given several examples of this before now, and we mentioned the other day that the infallibilist address presented under strong pressure for the adoption of the English clergy had been by no means unanimously signed. Dr. Rymer, President of the diocesan Seminary of St. Edmund’s, Ware, scandalized the *Tablet* by writing to express his emphatic disapproval of it. But the tone and language of the letter of refusal addressed to its promoters by Father Suffield, and published apparently by his request in the *Westminster Gazette*, is so remarkable that it deserves record here. The writer is the best known and one of the ablest and most active of the English Dominicans—a Cambridge man, though not, we believe, a convert; and it is hardly likely, considering the stringent discipline of religious communities, that he would venture on so bold a protest unless he felt assured of the moral support of his Order; and such an inference is strongly confirmed by the attitude of the Dominican Cardinal Guidi. Father Suffield says:—

Knowing with what earnest desire the enemies of our religion, with taunting speech, at once urge us and defy us to proclaim, after 1,800 years, the foundation of our Christianity; knowing the deep repugnance with which, under the pressure of ecclesiastical opinion and ecclesiastical prospects, canons, priests, and bishops, have signed declarations pleasing to ecclesiastical superiors, and repugnant to their private opinions; knowing, with an intimate and sad knowledge, that the mooted of this question has led to investigations, and then to inquiries, which have paralysed the faith in the minds of numbers of the clergy and of the intellectual laity, and with not a few destroyed it, I must respectfully decline to sign a document in which petitioners ask for a definition, the animus and consequence of which few can be so thoughtless as not to perceive.

If we get a Pope vain, obstinate, and in his dotage, shall we ask him to be confirmed in his powers of mischief?

Do we wish, by exalting the lessons of the encyclical, to render political life impossible to every honest and consistent Catholic, and to render the possession of political and religious equality impossible to any except those sort of Catholics who would use the language of liberty when they beg, and the precepts of the Pope when they refuse?

It is scarcely possible to misapprehend the pointed allusion to the case of “a Pope, vain, obstinate, and in his dotage,” and the majority of the Vatican Council has certainly done what it can to “confirm him in his powers of mischief.” Father Suffield must be presumed to speak from his own knowledge when he refers to the numbers of clergy and educated laity whose faith has been already paralysed or destroyed by their inquiries into Papal infallibility, and his testimony is borne out by others; it is hardly

wonderful that he should look with serious alarm at the further consequences that may ensue. The wonder is that those who wish faith to be maintained and strengthened should be so "thoughtless" as to exult over the "mischiefs" they have helped to perpetrate. It is rather late to remind them now of the homely proverb that the last straw will break the camel's back, and this straw is a tolerably weighty one.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND PUBLIC WORKS.

MR. LOWE made an announcement in his short off-hand way, on Monday evening, which will probably attract but little attention in these days of warlike fever, but which, taken in connexion with what has occurred earlier in the Session, claims the attention of those who can afford to reserve some thought for things at home. After all the sophistry and all the bluster which has been wasted in proving that the National Gallery could not, and should not, be rebuilt, we are told that at last the sections of the new pile towards Hemming's Row, planned for the ground already purchased, and capable of being carried out without disturbance for the present of the actual Gallery, are to be really constructed; and the private assurance has, we believe, been given that Mr. Barry will be the architect employed. In face of so satisfactory a conclusion of this controversy we hardly think it necessary to dwell upon the Ayrtonian singularity of the return to the motion for papers relative to the National Gallery, the discussion on which elicited that fortunate announcement. As usual, however, of late, the First Commissioner was not allowed to be the mouth-piece to convey the wished-for information. He made his rambling statement about Roehampton Gate and the National Gallery, and then made way for his chief to announce in about two minutes the one fact in the whole discussion which the general public cared to hear.

The terms on which the Government please to treat their First Commissioner, and upon which he is content to fill his post, are his and their affair. Only as bystanders we must observe, that to keep an important official in lavender, from the certainty that he would otherwise be sure to explode, is neither a cheap nor efficient way of conducting the public service. It is, at all events, clear that Mr. Smith's majority on the Embankment division has opened the eyes of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. Lowe. The Queen's reply to the Address of the House of Commons—a document which we were told would not be worth the paper on which it was written—was positively civil, and contained the substantial promise that building operations on the threatened site should be suspended. Nay, official repentance, though not complete, has taken one step beyond the promise of the National Gallery, for on Thursday evening, in reply to Mr. G. Gregory, Mr. Ayrton stated that an estimate would be presented for the immediate building of the new Law Courts on the Carey Street site, and named Monday as a probable day on which the vote might be taken. So that we at last see daylight as to the commencement of two great national buildings; and while one will be placed on the right site, the other will occupy the best position which the unfortunate complications of former years have still left open.

Another announcement was, however, made later in the same evening, of a very different complexion. It is a well-known custom of barbarous potentates to inaugurate great undertakings by the sacrifice of some favourite child or trusted counsellor, and we presume that it was in compliance with this superstition that Mr. Lowe has heralded the commencement of his career as British Haussmann by the massacre of the long-cherished hopes that after all the Natural History collections would not be banished to the wilderness of Brompton, but would be placed in some central spot, convenient to the public and approved by the Museum authorities. We fear that the audacious rapidity of the movement, and the late period of the Session, will give the Government a great advantage; but if it succeeds, we shall never cease to regret the result and to protest against the strategy which will have virtually rendered a free discussion and a fair fight impossible.

The varied complexion of these larger considerations leads us to regard, with more indifference than we should otherwise have attained, Mr. Ayrton's victory over Mr. Bentinck in the fight over the proposed House of Commons Refreshment Rooms. The debate demonstrated that the new plan would be unsightly in its artistic, and inconvenient in its culinary, aspect, and that it was after all a mere gipsy's child stolen from Mr. Barry, and disfigured for fear its father might come and swear to it; and yet the House, in very weariness of estimates and talking, after condemning the plan from every quarter, allowed the vote to pass without a division. It is still possible for better counsels to prevail in the progress of the work, but if the worst comes to the worst it will remain the bungling remnant of an administration of the Public Works which at one time threatened to be, and except for the universal antagonism which the acts and words of the First Commissioner aroused, would have been absolutely, disastrous and humiliating.

The fact that Mr. Ayrton has condescended to consult a Committee of eminent artists on the future decoration of the Central Hall is in its way a proof that the responsibilities of *Ædileship* have begun to dawn upon his mind in the latter days of his Commissioner-ship. That he should have resolved to hold hands in the Chapter House of Westminster and not embark upon its decorative treat-

ment is not, in our estimation, a very heavy calamity. We fear that the Serpentine will, after all, remain an English half-done work. The public indignation at the Commissioner who had talked inflated nonsense and snubbed Lord Harrowby has proved itself worth just 5,000*l.* The mud is to be cleared, but the dangers to bathers and to skaters will be actually augmented by the increased depth which will be given to the broad portion of the lake. The same House of Commons which had a few nights previously supported Mr. Smith almost contemptuously rejected the proposal to finish the important work of Serpentine improvement in a perfect and workmanlike spirit. The old jealousy of London's receiving help from the Imperial Treasury burst out for the evening, and one fervid member went so far as to declare that he would as soon think of filling up the sea, to obviate the danger of drowning incident to bathing in it. We are disappointed but not surprised at this conclusion. The division on the Embankment question was a bold proclamation of independence, and it is of the essence of democratic assemblies to be afraid of boldness and hedge their own good deeds by some petty act of compensating cowardice. We chiefly pity that Commissioner of the future who will, whenever the great Serpentine accident takes place, have to bear the inevitable brunt of unjust popular anger.

We have been thus particular in recapitulating the recent Parliamentary incidents, as the dark days of the recess are drawing near when small officials strut and job; and popular vigilance must not falter. The Office of Works has found its level; it will be the fault of the public and of ourselves if it is again allowed to bluster and usurp. For the present, as we need hardly say, we put on one side the hope, however faint, of realizing that which, from the earliest days of our existence, we have until now never ceased to enforce—the amplification of the First Commissioner-ship into a Ministry of Arts and Works. As long as the principles now in fashion in official quarters prevail, the change would be either impossible or greatly to be deprecated. When such a transformation in the *personnel* of the Public Works as should insure a better policy takes place, we may resume the advocacy of views which length of time only compels us to hold to more strongly, and in which we most firmly believe at the moment when we refuse to give expression to our belief. Had the office been properly strengthened and developed, it could no more have been afflicted with Mr. Ayrton as a tenant than the Horse Guards or the Woolsack could have been. It is because the old Treasury tradition has obstinately persisted in treating the First Commissioner as its hired out-of-doors servant, that the troublesome subordinate indoors has been shovelled into it. In the meanwhile it is most mortifying that the mishap should have occurred while that Government was in power which possessed in the ranks of its vast majority so wide a choice of able men willing and fit to work the office in the spirit of a gentleman, a man of business, and an artist.

REFORMATORIES.

ONE of the most clearly useful functions of the periodical press is that of keeping society, so to say, *au courant* with its own manifold developments. Statistics by themselves are barren enough. But a careful and unbiassed examination of statistics, with reasoning naturally deduced from them, supplies us with the best if not the only means we possess for understanding something about our social machinery; and a periodical recurrence to certain details keeps subjects of grave importance from getting hopelessly away into the clouds. Mr. Sydney Turner's Reports on Reformatories and Industrial Schools have long enjoyed honourable recognition as clear and compendious sources of information; and his thirteenth annual statement, which has just been issued, rises above the average standard of interest instead of falling below it.

The Reformatories Act was passed in 1854; and during the sixteen years intervening the number of reformatories has advanced to 65, and of industrial schools to 77, within the limits of England, Wales, and Scotland. Ireland is not included in these Reports. Between the two classes of institutions a total of nearly 13,000 boys and girls are now under detention. Redhill, the earliest and largest of all the reformatories, contains within its five separate "houses" an average of about 300 inmates. These details alone are enough to show that this branch of our criminal or semi-criminal economy is well worth attention; nor is it easy to overrate the stimulus, whether to energetic effort or to careful administration, which often in these institutions arises out of the mere consciousness of public interest directed towards them.

Some idea of what reformatories are actually doing may very easily be obtained from the facts, and from a few simple considerations drawn out of them. The total number of juvenile commitments in Great Britain for 1869 would not fall far short of 12,000. The numbers cannot be stated with complete precision, as the Scotch returns were not made up at the time of the Report being presented; the number just given, however, will be found scarcely, if at all, in excess of the actual figure. Now the total admissions into reformatories during the same year was 1,670, or about 14 per cent. on the commitments. If the number of admissions to industrial schools, which reached 2,465 in the year, be added, this would run the percentage up to somewhere about 35 on the commitments. But it would be unfair to deal

with all the cases of admission to the schools as cases in which a short summary penal infliction might have been substituted. The schools were started with the very object of meeting a large number of cases where such inflictions hardly seem to be in place at all. Still we may regard the number of juvenile offenders who are at present subjected to a reformatory system of treatment, instead of being directly amenable to some sort of penal infliction, as not far below 30 per cent. on the whole. Here, then, is one large and distinct deduction from the statistics; let us test and examine it a little further.

Looking not only to the public cost, but also to the chances of mischief incurred by mixing first and venial offenders with those more advanced in crime, Mr. Sydney Turner gives it as his opinion that magistrates rather over use their power of discretionary detention in the case of first and small offences. We are inclined, on the whole, to express only a modified concurrence in that opinion. We proceed on the assumption that punishment, in its essence, is deterrent, and that it should become reformatory on these conditions only—first, as a subsidiary and concomitant to deterrence; and secondly, when directed against criminals and crimes for whose existence and commission society, either from culpable neglect or mistake, must be held in part responsible. On that assumption, 25 or 30 per cent. certainly does look like an excessive section of the juvenile criminal community in whose favour to draw the line, and on whose behalf to start a costly machinery of maintenance and attempted reform. This view is strengthened when we recollect (a point not mentioned by Mr. Sydney Turner) to how very limited an extent corporal punishment is even yet employed in the case of young offenders, and the marked and beneficial results which have been found to follow its use. So far, then, it would seem that sharp summary convictions of boys and girls might be more frequent and more unflinching, with advantage to the public; and that commitment to a reformatory might be postponed till a later stage, when the offender should have been unmistakably ranked as a member of the criminal class.

But, on the other side, if the results of reformatories and industrial schools are fairly taken into account, the repression and weeding out of the criminal class effected by their means is enough to cause a reversal of opinion in favour of the present practice. From the laborious and carefully prepared data of the Report, we are justified in believing that as many as 70 per cent. of the discharged inmates of reformatories in Great Britain can be certified as "doing well"; in other words, that seven out of every ten are restored to their places as trustworthy and self-supporting members of society. In the discharges from the industrial schools the number of successes cannot be put quite so high. About 60 per cent. of reformed cases, in which the facts can be traced, is the highest average standard yet reached from the schools. But it should be carefully specified that the standard is kept down, not by failures over the whole of the 77 schools, but by the curiously low average of success at present reached by the Roman Catholic schools. Considering the importance so generally and justly set by Roman Catholics upon the earlier stages of education, it certainly does seem difficult of belief that so marked a contrast should be reported between theirs and the Protestant schools. In the English Protestant boys' schools, only 14 per cent. of the discharged inmates are returned as "unknown"; in the Roman Catholic schools, the percentage goes up to 44. And again, while the Roman Catholic boys' schools return only 46 per cent. as "doing well," the Protestant return is as high as 72 per cent.

Let us fall back now upon the reformatory returns, and recollect that seven in ten inmates are on the average restored to honesty and decency by their means. If this result can be kept up, it is indeed all that could reasonably be looked for. No doubt the expense is great. The Treasury payments in 1869 were, for reformatories 82,357*l.*, and for industrial schools 74,102*l.* The diminution on the side of the schools is in great part caused by the larger inflow of subscriptions and legacies to them than to reformatories—33,000*l.*, in round numbers, against 7,000*l.* Expenditure is also kept down, on the whole, by very reasonably and carefully devised measures of economy. The details of economical achievements of course vary with the capacities and wills of masters and mistresses. But the principles are sound and fair throughout, aiming steadily at making these places of detention neither too pleasant nor too penal, encouraging hopefulness and self-reliance, but keeping up vigorously the sense of coercion and compulsion. It cannot, however, be too often impressed on good-natured managers, that to make a hobby of a reformatory is to run the risk of retarding the sound reformation of its inmates. Too great frequency in cricket-matches, and in excursions to the seaside or elsewhere, is liable very soon to run into contravention of the principles on which the Act is based, and which, moral as well as economical, may be again described as sound and fair. The discrepancy of annual cost per head in different districts is very strongly marked. It ranges from a maximum of about 23*l.* down to a minimum of about 10*l.* This leaves the average, perhaps, just a little in excess of what it might be; but the reasons of discrepancy are very sufficient, and not difficult to trace out. There is, first, the difference in local demands for industrial labour. For instance, at the cheapest school of all, that at Monmouth, the 18 boys were able to earn 5*l.* a-head profit during the year—a success very rarely met with, and which, together with a very inexpensive staff, minimized their cost to the State. Local aid or superintendence varies also very widely in different dis-

tricts. But by far the most important element of variation in cost depends, or ought in future to be made increasingly to depend, on the pressure put upon parents to contribute to the support of their children, being inmates. The difficulty of applying the proper pressure in all cases may be estimated by these simple details. Out of 1,331 admissions included in the total of last year, 78 children were orphans, 23 were illegitimate; the parents of 15 were in prison, and those of 438 were adjudged unable to pay anything. Thus only 624 parents, or only just over half, were placed under payment. It is impossible not to join heartily in Mr. Sydney Turner's remarks on the value of this pressure upon parents. Agents from the head office of inspection are at work in London, at Liverpool, and at Glasgow, and their services have been specially useful, not only in discovering the true circumstances of the parents of committed children, but in aiding the magistrates to discriminate between cases which properly fall within the provisions of the Reformatories' or Schools' Acts, and those which are fitter objects for parochial or charitable relief. The economical value of an efficient agent in these capacities is obvious enough; but, having regard to the parents, his value is more than economical. Even if the money recovered from them barely sufficed to pay his salary, such an agent is worth having as an active reminder, and a sort of reformatory instrument at work upon the parents themselves. Without some kind of pressure or other, the great bulk of parents belonging to this class not only tend to forget their children, but grow into the settled and permanent conviction that the faintest shadow of responsibility for their children has been by the State removed from off themselves. It is only one step further to believe that the State has done this, and is expected to do as much again, not out of charity nor in self-defence, but as a pure matter of right and debt to the satisfied and exulting parent.

We join heartily in the suggestion that the industrial schools should either receive no day-scholars at all, or the very lowest possible minimum; and to receive none at all is the sounder plan. One of the many points of recommendation in the school-ships now established is that day-scholars cannot by possibility be admitted to them. The true theory of an industrial school is that it should be a country institution, with fields and gardens for the boys to work in. A laborious philanthropist, no mean authority in such questions, has entertained and promulgated a plan for making them self-supporting. But in any case they should be self-contained, and should not have a varying ebb and flow of unattached outsiders, who both bring and take away mischief, and seriously impede the sound working of strict discipline. Mr. Sydney Turner's suggestion for a new and subsidiary order of industrial schools deserves serious attention. It should be remembered that the existing schools are now only a milder order of reformatories. All the scholars must have been convicted of vagrancy, begging, or petty theft, or must be the children of criminal parents, and belong obviously to the semi-criminal class. "There is, no doubt" (to quote Mr. Turner's own words), "a large class of children too ill-clad and ill-regulated to attend the common National and British Schools, and yet not guilty of any offence against the law, and not requiring so expensive a course of treatment as is involved in committing them for five, six, or seven years to a certified industrial school." For these children a new order of "day-feeding-schools" might be most beneficially set up, under Boards such as the Education Bill provides, and under the supervision of the Committee of Council. Such schools would intercept a large number of children on the road to join the criminal classes, and would in the end be an economy and not an expense to the community. Some more valid recognition of the tried officials in reformatories and industrial schools, by way of pensions on the model of those given to the staff of prisons or by any other sound method, might with fairness and justice be conceded, and would apply a well-timed stimulus. With this last practical proposal we take our leave of Mr. Sydney Turner's interesting and suggestive Report.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS—DRURY LANE.

IN an article on the Italian Operas, some time since, we said that "the co-existence of two houses, whatever risk it may entail upon speculators, is an advantage to the public." The experience of the season now at an end has shown that we were right. No frequenters of the Opera can have forgotten the meagre fare provided last year by Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, with their respective companies thrown into one. Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane, and Mr. Gye at Covent Garden, the year previous, each singly provided more attractions than when, rivalry thrown aside, they afterwards united their fortunes. But we need not further dilate upon a subject already worn threadbare.

If Covent Garden has been accredited this season with an efficient company, Drury Lane must be accredited with one even more so. The singers who abandoned the Gye-Mapleson coalition would alone have sufficed to form the nucleus of a highly attractive troop. With Madles, Christine Nilsson and Ilma di Murska, leading sopranos, Madame Trebelli Bettini, leading contralto, and Madame Sinico, leading *seconda donna* (*prima donna* on occasions); with Signor Mongini, the "Wachtel of the South," Signors Gardoni and Bettini, principal tenors, and Mr. Charles Lyall, *tenore buffo*; with Mr. Santley and M. Gassier, chief barytones, Signor Foli, leading bass, and Madame Corsi, Madlle. Vinta, Signor Zoboli, &c., more or less capable representatives of subordinate parts, Mr. Wood, the new director, might compla-

cently have folded his arms, and exclaiming, "Here is my company," have awaited the issue. But as unfamiliar faces are welcome, and reinforcements useful on emergencies, he was well advised in making other engagements. This he did with a liberal hand. The ladies' department was strengthened by Mesdames Volpini and Monbelli, Madlles. Reboux and Pauline Lewitzky (sopranos); the gentlemen's by Signors Perotti and Rinaldini (tenors), Signor Castelli (*basso buffo*), M. Verger, Signor Raguer, and last not least, M. Faure (barytones). It should be also mentioned that Madlle. Mathilde Savertal, from Pisa, was announced to appear as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, but she not forthcoming, an engagement was subsequently made with Madame Caroline Barbot, to fill her place. Operatic amateurs are aware that Madame Barbot was at one time recognised as a great artist, both in Paris and St. Petersburg; but four years ago she lost her voice, and her single performance of Valentine at Drury Lane Theatre sufficed to show that she had not recovered it, and that there is small likelihood of her ever recovering it.

The orchestra (with Herr Straus as leading violin), a body of instrumentalists now at least equal to that at the other house, has enjoyed the advantage of performing throughout the season under one conductor; and it is not high treason against Covent Garden to insist that the unaided efforts of Signor Arditi at one theatre have been more efficacious, more fruitful in results, than the combined efforts of Signors Vianesi and Beignani at the other. The chorus at Drury Lane, once more, with the exception of some twenty resident singers, gathered from all parts of the Continent, but chiefly from Italy and Spain, is as strong a body of young and fresh voices as could be desired. Imperfectly trained at the beginning, and unfamiliar with a majority of the operas advertised in the prospectus (especially those tracing their origin to Germany and France), it has, nevertheless, done excellent service in the course of the season—for which no little credit is due to Signor Santi, the diligent chorus-master.

Although Drury Lane opened its doors three weeks later than Covent Garden (April 16th), no fewer than eighteen operas have been given. Considering that not merely the interior of the theatre had to be entirely transformed, but new music to be copied, new costumes made, and a new *mise-en-scène* provided for each separate work in succession, this shows uncommon vigour and despatch, the more so inasmuch as all the operas were decorously put upon the stage—without extravagance it is true, but with a scrupulously strict view to completeness. We subjoin a list of them, in chronological order as they were brought out:—*Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Faust*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *La Sonnambula*, *Abu Hassan* (Weber), *L'Oca del Cairo* (Mozart), *Robert le Diable*, *Martha*, *Diwora*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Otello*, the *Huguenots*, *Mignon* (A. Thomas), and *L'Olandese Dannato* (Wagner). Those operas to which the names of the composers are here added were heard on a London Italian stage for the first time.

Verdi's *Rigoletto* was performed on the opening night, with Madlle. di Murska as Gilda, Signor Mongini as the Duke, and Mr. Santley as Rigoletto. We refer to this simply in deference to Madlle. di Murska, who, while singing the music admirably, gave a reading of the part of the Jester's daughter more thoroughly dramatic than we have been accustomed to, and who, although she had never played it before (at least in London), achieved an unquestionable success. We have heard and read of this gifted lady as "the eccentric *prima donna*." Why "eccentric" we are unable to divine. Eccentric or not, however, since her first appearance here, in May 1865, Madlle. di Murska has maintained a very high position, and what is better, maintained it by legitimate means. In spite of certain defects of style, now, we believe, ineradicable, she is both a singer and an actress of the first class, and during the season just terminated has conferred invaluable services upon the theatre to which she is attached. It was as the heroine of Donizetti's eternal *Lucia di Lammermoor* that Madlle. di Murska made herself known among us, and what strikes as forcibly now as it did five years since, when she came upon the operatic world with all the interest belonging to a strange phenomenon, is the absence of conventional stage business in her entire assumption, the originality of her conception, and the manner in which she goes through scene after scene in a way of her own, never at any moment recalling the peculiarities of other singers. This, we may add, is as noticeable in her Gilda as in her Lucia. In both operas she has had much ado to contend with Signor Mongini, whose very powerful voice and unrestrained enthusiasm too often lead him into excesses which, while detracting from the effect of his own performance, impart the semblance of caricature to what he intends most earnestly, and sensibly interfere with the convenience of his associates. Instances to the point have been as frequent with Signor Mongini this year as at any former period, and were especially noticeable in *La Sonnambula*, the third opera in which he appeared with Madlle. di Murska. When, in 1859, as Elvino, also at Drury Lane Theatre, he made his *début* in London, Miss Victoire Balfe being the Aminta, Signor Mongini was criticized for the same want of self-control we are condemning now. Eleven years might surely afford time enough for improvement; but it is to be feared that this artist's particular malady is incurable. True he is "journalier," as the French express it, and on some occasions does far better than on others; but he is never quite satisfactory, always keeping his hearers in apprehension of an outburst, which may come at any time or place most inappropriate. With such splendid means as he possesses the more is the pity.

Madame Monbelli, one of the new comers, made her appearance in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, and if nothing but a pleasing and flexible voice, with an easy command of florid vocalisation, were demanded by Rosina, her success would have been complete. But much more is wanted for the adequate presentation of such a character. The deportment of Madame Monbelli is neither easy nor graceful, and, indeed, she seems to possess no qualifications whatever for the stage. That she excels as a concert singer was proved in the summer of 1869; and that she has maintained her position this year is entirely owing to her achievements in the concert-room—more particularly, it should be added, to her brilliant execution of "Una voce poco fa," in some passages of which it is difficult to recognise the composer, so profusely are they embellished. The fame Madame Monbelli had acquired through the medium of Rosina's familiar *cavatina* doubtless caused the manager of Drury Lane Theatre to select Rosina for her *début*; and "Una voce" made the one solitary impression of the evening. The second part essayed by Madame Monbelli rather helped to confirm than to modify the opinions induced by the first. Her lack of histrionic talent was perhaps even still more conspicuous in the half dreamy, half mischievous page of Beaumarchais and Mozart. Whoever advised her to attempt Cherubino gave her ill counsel. Nor is the music of *Le Nozze* so well suited to her voice as the music of *Il Barbiere*; and neither in "Non so più cosa son" nor "Voi che sapete" did she appear to catch the spirit of the text. Madame Monbelli is the direct opposite to Madlle. Lucca, being just as coldly correct as Madlle. Lucca is impulsively incorrect. Neither gives the legitimate readings; but their incapacity springs from very different sources. Perhaps the best thing Madame Monbelli did in the course of the season was the small part of Papagena, in *Il Flauto Magico*; into this she threw something like animation, and the duet between Papagena and Papageno (Mr. Santley) was listened to with satisfaction at each representation of Mozart's romantic opera.

Madlle. Mélanie Reboux, another of the new comers, is an artist of quite a different stamp. Although her face and figure do not lend themselves favourably to the illusion, it is to characters in which serious emotion has to be exhibited that Madlle. Reboux now most strongly inclines. This may surprise many who remember her, at Her Majesty's Theatre (in 1864), playing the small part of Vincinnette, in M. Gounod's *Mireille*, but who are ignorant that ambition has since directed her steps to a higher walk. We question whether the art, or the lady herself, has gained by the move. That Madlle. Reboux has laboured hard to become dramatic, and in a great degree succeeded, can no more justly be denied than that she reveals intelligence in all she does. On the other hand it is as little to be questioned that her voice, not naturally fitted for such work, has suffered through the exertions she must have used in compelling it to her will. The result is that, while still young, Madlle. Reboux gives us the idea of one who by constant and not always wisely directed labour has hopelessly impaired her physical resources. To give out the upper notes with force demands a painful effort on her part, and when obtained they are almost as frequently out of tune as the contrary. Madlle. Reboux was unfortunate in choosing such a character for her *début* as the heroine of *Faust*. All the first dramatic singers, all the most engaging artists of the day, from Tietjens, Miolan Carvalho and Désirée Artot, to Patti, Lucca, and Nilsson, besides others of lesser note, have played Margaret in London. Madlle. Reboux equals none of those we have named, and surpasses few of those we have left unnamed; and indeed we can praise little or nothing in her performance beyond its intense and abiding earnestness. Charm it has none, either vocal or dramatic. Madlle. Reboux only played in two other operas—*Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Her Countess Almaviva and her Donna Anna were much of a kin, distinguished by the same quality of earnestness, counterbalanced by a vocal inefficiency most detrimental in the one instance to "Dove sono," and in the other to "Or sai che l'indegno,"—the precise tests by which the competency or incompetency of a representative of either character is tried.

Madlle. Pauline Lewitzky, a prepossessing stranger, with good credentials, is very young, and it is said that until her appearance at Drury Lane, in the *Oca del Cairo* of Mozart, she had never set foot on any stage. Her voice is a light soprano, agreeable in quality, but not at all powerful. Her engaging appearance and unobtrusive demeanour would alone suffice to exercise a certain attraction; but we are not prepared to say that she is destined at any time to reach a very high position. That Madlle. Lewitzky has talent, however, was proved by her undertaking important parts in two of the operas of Mozart, and coming forth from the ordeal with fairly earned applause. As a piece of acting her Zerlina is to be preferred to her Cherubino, neither (which, her extreme youth borne in mind, we are glad to record) being at all "demonstrative." On the other hand, she seems more at home in the music of Cherubino than in that of Zerlina; at any rate she sings the airs in the *Nozze* with much more confidence and proportionate effect. Madlle. Lewitzky, Russian by birth, is a pupil of M. Wartel, the same master who directed the riper studies of Madlle. Christine Nilsson. Last, not least, among the recently acquired *prime donne* is Madame Volpini, a very sprightly lady, with a clear and resonant soprano voice, who may also be remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the same year as Madlle. Reboux, playing a small part and singing a pretty song ("Io sono pastore") in *Mireille*, that same unaccountably neglected opera

by M. Gounod. Since 1864 Madame Volpini has been winning laurels abroad, more particularly at St. Petersburg, where she is reported, how truly we cannot say, to stand almost as well in public favour as Madame Adelina Patti herself. This is no affair of ours; but taking Madame Volpini as we find her, we confess our inability to discover qualities entitling her to such exceptional consideration. She is no doubt a lively, natural actress, and a thoroughly competent musician; but that she should have selected the part of Lady Enrichetta in Flotow's hacknied *Martha*, for her first appearance in London after an absence of six years, does not speak greatly in favour of her taste; it solves us, however, from saying more than that she plays *Martha* much in the same way as every other practised actress plays *Martha*, and sings "Qui sola, vergin rosa" ("The Last Rose of Summer"), much in the same way as every other practised vocalist sings "Qui sola, vergin rosa." A far more legitimate test of Madame Volpini's capabilities was afforded by Susanna (*Nozze di Figaro*), in which piquant character she replaced Madame Sinico, and, what is more, surpassed Madame Sinico. Later in the season Madame Volpini rendered valuable aid by her impersonation of Filina in the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas. The remaining new acquisitions may be dismissed in a sentence. Signor Perotti, a young German tenor, with an Italian name, made a tolerably good impression in the character of Faust, afterwards distinguishing himself more prominently as Erik, the Huntsman, in Herr Wagner's *Olandese Dannato*; the chief distinction earned by Signor Rinaldini, another and still younger tenor, was in a subordinate part belonging to the same opera; Signor Verger, a barytone from the Théâtre Italien, has done nothing particular to talk of; Signor Castelli, a bass, in several characters, and especially in Leporello, has, with a good voice and considerable cleverness, declared himself one of those "*bouffes qui ne font pas rire*" who did not exactly hit the taste of a certain King of France; and Signor Raguer, barytone, has been more or less useful in minor parts, the most important being Giarro, in *Mignon*—of which opera, and of Madlle. Christine Nilsson's very remarkable performance in the character of the heroine, we shall have to speak.

To talk of M. Faure as a stranger, and to parade before our readers a history of his artistic claims, would be alike superfluous. Although he has been four years absent, he was as cordially welcomed on stepping forward in the well-known costume of Mephistopheles, as if he had always been among us. M. Faure is now precisely what we remember him four years since—the "*gentilhomme par excellence*" of the operatic stage, with the voice sympathetic though trembling, broad vocal phrasing, studied declamation, and keen perception of dramatic colour, which need not again be described. Not merely M. Faure, however, but other topics of interest connected with the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, remain for consideration; and of these, or some of these, we hope to treat next week.

REVIEWS.

CHAUCER ON THE ASTROLABE.*

(Second Notice.)

READERS of Chaucer's poems cannot fail to have been struck with the poet's characteristic method, in which he has been followed by Lydgate, Spenser, and many a later author, when indicating the date of each principal incident. It is most rare with him to give in to the ordinary or modern mode of marking time by the year, the month, the day, or hour of the clock. His references, like those which Virgil and Ovid have made familiar to us, are almost invariably made to phenomena of the heavenly bodies—the position of the sun in the zodiac, his altitude at this or that portion of the day; or the bearing of the moon, a star, or a constellation, as fixing the hour of the night. His *Treatise on the Astrolabe* not only establishes his familiarity with the methods and rules of practical or plane astronomy, and prepares us to enter with antecedent confidence in their soundness upon the task of verifying his indications, but supplies us with many a direct guide and clue to the elucidation of the poet's language.

In his Appendix Mr. Brae has shown in many highly interesting and important instances the use which can be made of these studies of his author's curious astronomical fragment towards clearing up several critical points in Chaucer's poetical writings. The exact date of the Pilgrims' starting on their ride to Canterbury may, he shows, be fixed with undoubted precision. He has succeeded in explaining how the "young sonne" could have "in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne." The month of April, that is, instead of coinciding with the sign Aries, had by the effects of precession become virtually divided into two half-courses, in the first of which the sun would be in Aries, and in the latter in Taurus. The Aries half of April then had been just run through, and the day intended was consequently somewhat later than the middle of April. The "arke of his artificial day," which the sun had "y-ronne the fourth part, and halfe an houre and more," Mr. Brae proves to have been the sun's horizontal or azimuthal arch, included between the points of sunrise and sunset; though Chaucer, being under the mistaken idea that the azimuth is equal to the hour-angle (as appears from Conclusion xxx.), would take the fourth of the included arch as the fourth of the day in time. This

observation of the host's, coupled with that of his shadow being equal in length to his height, authorised him, Mr. Brae points out, in concluding that it was "ten of the clock." But what was the precise day after the middle of April? In the "Persone's Tale" we get an afternoon observation at 4 P.M. with the obscure lines,

Therewith the mones exaltacioun
In mena Libra alway gan ascende
As we were entreying at the thorpes end.

In a highly ingenious argument Mr. Brae all but demonstrates the true reading of the middle line to have been "in Libra min al auway gan ascend"; *Min al auway* being the star δ Virginis, in the sign Libra, which he confirms by Freytag's Arabic Lexicon, and a passage from Sir W. Jones—the result being to assign for the setting out of the Pilgrims the 18th of April, which is the reading adopted by Mr. Wright in the corresponding passage in the "Man of Lawes Tale."

Great difficulty, it is well known, exists in adjusting the canonical hours to the hours of the common or civil day. Varying with local usage or with the seasons of the year, as well as with the rules of the different religious orders, the canonical hours received a new element of confusion by being moved bodily backward, or hastened in time by a kind of arbitrary anticipation. One anomalous result (owing, it has been suggested, to the lenth hour of refection associated with "nones" coming into general use as an equivalent for the principal meal hour, or, more likely, to the services for several hours being grouped together in one) was that of permanently detaching the name "none" from 3 P.M. to the original "sext," or midday, to which hour has been ever since attached the name of "noon." This derangement made itself felt through the whole of the canonical day. In a note upon "Chaucer's Prime" Mr. Brae tries to clear up the apparent contradiction which exists between the hours designated as "prime" by the poet. There were, he considers, two hours which Chaucer calls prime; one in the forenoon, which he assigns to 9 A.M., and another at 1 P.M. We have no space for fully stating our reasons for still adhering to 7 A.M. as the morning prime. John Belet, the great ritualist of Paris at the end of the twelfth century (who appears in Mr. Brae's pages as the monstrous hybrid "John de Beletus"), likening the seven canonical hours to the seven ages of human life, represents "infantia" by "laudes matutines," and "pueritia" by "prima." This is so far indeterminate enough. But there is ample evidence to prove that in the authoritative distribution of the canonical hours—made according to the great authority of Frances, the learned French canonist of the seventeenth century, by Pope Sabinian, successor to Gregory the Great, in 604 A.D.—the first hour from the mean or average sun rising (sunrise being the beginning of the Roman day) was fixed as "prime"; tierce, sext, and none following in order. We are entirely incredulous as to 9 A.M. ever having been designated as prime by Chaucer or any other competent authority. With respect to the second or afternoon prime, we make no question that on the completion of the canonical series at 6 P.M. by the saying of compline, another twelve hours' reckoning began, and with it prime, if not tierce and none, would come round again. Thus, supposing that in the general acceleration of the hours this second reckoning began from *mid-day* as "none," we should get no earlier hour for the afternoon prime aforesaid than 4 P.M. Now, as it happens, on the other hand, we do get from Frances a very pertinent statement bearing on this very point. "Inter Italos hora prima numeratur post occasum solis." Frances goes on to say that "the space of time after sunset to midnight counts into the next day." Ecclesiastical, like civil, time was in fact counted as two days of twelve hours, not as one day of twenty-four. And time "of the clock" was kept heedfully distinct from the canonical hours, which, whatever their variation in local use, were always known by their original Latin names. We need not suppose either that Chaucer brought back hither the Italian mode of computation from his tour in Italy, or yet that the Italian usage was wholly restricted to that country. If the poet really intended to speak of an afternoon prime, he might possibly have meant 4 P.M.; but we should far rather conceive the hour meant to have been the first hour after sunset, 7 P.M.

In his "Dutchesse" (1822-8) Chaucer makes a knight commend his lady as too gentle to put to strange and heartless tests the faith and devotion of a lover:—

Ne sende men into Walekye,
To Fruise ne into Tartarye
To Alisaundre ne into Turkeye,
And bid him faste; anon that he
Go hoodless into the drie see
And come home by the Carrenare.

In the next line "Carrenare" is made to rhyme with "ware," which sufficiently establishes how the word is to be read. But where or what is the Carrenare? The writer of a book called *Chaucer's England* hits, Mr. Brae tells us, upon the ridiculous notion that the word is bad Italian, meaning "carrier" or "caravan," and that it should properly be written "carrattare." Mr. Brae himself makes a sensible and ingenious guess, though after all shooting wide of the mark. Chaucer meant, he thinks, the Gulf of Carnaro in the Adriatic, so called as being the "charnel hole," from the destruction of life it caused to sailors, though it is now named "Il Quarnero." Chaucer's residence in Italy would have made him familiar with the gulf and its character. A Paduan writer, Palladio Negro, quoted by the

* *The Treatise on the Astrolabe of Geoffrey Chaucer.* Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by Andrew Edmund Brae. London: J. R. Smith. 1870.

Abbé Fortis, speaks of the title of this gulf as a nickname of evil omen—"quem nautas Carnarium vocitant." And Vergier, Bishop of Capo d'Istria, as quoted by Sebastian Munster in his *Cosmographie*, tells of "le gouffre enragé lequel on appelle vulgairement Carnarie," and Dante speaks of it in the *Inferno* as an evil place:—

A Pola presso del Carnaro
Fanno i sepolcri tutto il luogo varo.

This very promising suggestion is supported by Munster's curious description of a lake near the city of Laybach, adjoining the plain of Zirknitz, which is of great extent in winter, but which in summer drains away, so that abundant corn crops take the place of fish. In this Mr. Brae recognises, though with less confidence, the "drie see" of Chaucer. Another possible interpretation, he thinks, is that of a "frozen sea." All this is highly ingenious, but unluckily goes for nothing. There are too many intermittent lakes of the same kind as that of Laybach, which has itself no connexion to speak of with the Gulf of Carnaro, nor is it easy out of Carnaro to get "Carrenare," even if the latter word were meant to rhyme with "sea" instead of with "ware." Mr. Brae must look for the true solution to another continent. Leonardo Dati (A.D. 1470), speaking of Africa, mentions a chain of mountains in continuation of the Atlas, three hundred miles long, "commonly called Charenal." In the fine chart of Africa by Juan de la Cosa (1500) this chain is made to stretch as far as Egypt, and bears the name of Carena. La Salle, who was born in 1398, and composed his map early in the fifteenth century, lays down the same chain, which corresponds, says Santarem (*Histoire de la Cosmographie*, iii. 456), to the *Kaphyn* of Ptolemy. These allusions place it beyond doubt that the "drie see" of Chaucer was the Great Sahara, the return from whence home-wards would be by the chain of the Atlas or Carena.

Speaking in the "Knight's Tale" (2019) of the scenes of destruction depicted upon the walls of the Temple of Mars, Chaucer has a curious line,

Yet sawgh I brent the schippes hoppesteres.

In the Harleian and other MSS. the six lines which contain the verse are omitted altogether. To explain this puzzling phrase Mr. Brae takes "schippes-hoppeteres" as equivalent to "ships-oppostors," opponent or opposing ships, appealing to the analogy of "impostor" or "imposter" (which latter form is new to us), from "oppono," or the French "composteur" for a composing-stick, and further fortifying himself with the "carinæ bellatrices" of Statius and "navi bellatrici" of Boccaccio. Taking the word as an adjective, this idea of his involves, he allows, the invention of an "Anglo-Saxon feminine *estres*." "Knights Templars" might furnish him with a capital parallel in a masculine sense. To take the two words "schippes-hoppeteres," or ships-oppostors, as nouns substantive in apposition, that is, in the same accusative case, would be of course foreign to the laws of the English tongue, ancient or modern. Yet scarcely, if at all, less anomalous would be a feminine adjective thus following the substantive. It is impossible for "schippes" in this collocation to be really aught else than the possessive plural. And what then are ships' "opposters" or "hoppeteres"? The metre shows that the accent falls upon the middle syllable of the word. Tyrwhitt by some marvellous freak of fancy, taking the word as equivalent to "hoppsters," female dancers, indulges in some incredible nonsense about ships hopping or dancing in the flames, which he flattered himself was a "highly poetical idea." Were we to allow as free scope to our imagination we might far more plausibly suggest that the word came from "*aplustre*," and that what Chaucer's knight saw in poetic vision burning upon the wall of the Temple of Mars were the ensigns or carved ornaments of wood which rose over ships' sterns in Roman and mediæval times, if not the ships' helms themselves, since we find *aplustre* so used in many mid-Latin writers and defined as "gouvernail de nef" in an old glossary quoted by Du Cange. We confess ourselves indeed unable at the moment to lay our hand on any intermediate form through which *aplustre* may have found its way from the Latin into the English of Chaucer's day. In truth, however, the origin of the word which has so puzzled commentators is far more simple and lies much nearer home. It is to the Dutch and its cognates, old or new, that we instinctively turn for the root or meaning of words relating to ships or nautical matters, just as in the case of military terms we turn to the Latin or its Romance derivatives. Now our readers, if not Dutch scholars, have only to turn to the first Teutonic lexicon that comes to hand in order to settle the question for themselves. In the old *Thesaurus lingue Theutonice* of Plantinus (Antv. 1573) "Opperste" is simply "le suprême, le plus haut." Here, in his *Glossarium Suiogothicum*, similarly gives "Uppare, Upperst, superior, supremus," identifying it of course with our "uppermost," with which all modern dictionaries, from Hendrik Hexham to Olinger, are entirely in accord. What Chaucer meant to portray was nothing more outlandish or far-fetched than that the commanders, captains, or admirals were seen burning with their ships.

We could have wished to see more strict and sober scholarship as well as a broader grasp of science brought to the editing of a work like that before us. Yet even when unsuccessful or lame in his results, Mr. Brae is always painstaking and suggestive in his notes and illustrations, and our thanks are due to him for what he has done to set the works and the memory of our great early poet in a new and instructive light.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN.

THE establishment of Professorships of Fine Art at the old Universities is one of the occurrences, often in themselves apparently of very trifling importance, which mark a stage in the advancement of the national mind. The public has long been familiar with the idea of a drawing-master in a school; every school has a drawing-master of some sort, and therefore it seems consistent that Oxford and Cambridge should have their drawing-masters too. The difference is that, when Oxford and Cambridge have Professors of Fine Art, an idea is conveyed to the public mind that there is something seriously worth learning to be professed on that subject—an idea which the body of drawing-masters, though numerous, has hitherto scarcely succeeded in conveying. No one will deny that the English public, or at least the more refined portion of it, takes an interest in art, but then the interest that it has taken has not hitherto been of a very elevated kind. Suppose, for instance, that an average English gentleman, whether graduate or undergraduate of a University, finds himself in the presence of a picture; he will experience, no doubt, certain feelings of pleasure on seeing an expressive face, or a fine horse or dog, clearly set before him, but it is almost a certainty that the artistic aims and qualities of the performance, if it has any, will be a sealed book to him. If this is so with regard to painting, it is so still more decidedly in the case of sculpture. A thousand non-professional Englishmen can read Homer in the original for one who can really read and enjoy the Elgin marbles. It may be answered that knowledge of this kind cannot be of much importance, because so many truly great men have done without it. We have the best of evidence that some of the greatest statesmen and commanders, and even poets, lived and achieved greatness in perfect ignorance of fine art; and many an undergraduate of to-day might consider himself supremely fortunate if he could look forward to so bright a career as theirs. It is true that the knowledge of art is not a necessity, but this kind of argument may be used with equal force against some of the favourite studies of our fathers, especially their philological studies. On the other hand, we cannot consider the knowledge of so profound a matter as art in the light of a mere ornament. We take the truth to be that although a man may be an excellent patriot and a good Christian without either art or erudition, still he cannot have a really catholic mind so long as any one of the great provinces of the human intellect is absolutely closed against him. If Wordsworth had understood men of science better, and if Scott had understood painters better, these men of genius would have approached more nearly to universality, and it was a point of superiority in Thackeray to understand the aims of fine art as he did. The purpose of a liberal education ought to be to make a gentleman understand at least what the various arts and sciences are. It is not possible that he should know them in detail as specialists know them, but it is quite possible for him to know the aim and spirit of those who have laboured in these particular fields. Men of special culture are in these days better able to explain the drift and purport of their sciences than ever they were before. It is astonishing in how few pages a thorough modern botanist will convey to a pupil a correct notion of what botany is, and in the same way a Professor of Fine Art ought to be able to teach him what painting and engraving are. At present the fine arts in this country are all but universally misunderstood, simply because there is no general apprehension of the five or six fundamental ideas on which the whole edifice rests.

We were therefore sincerely glad to know that at last these matters were to be authoritatively explained at the Universities, and also, for some reasons, that Mr. Ruskin should have accepted the Professorship at Oxford. It is a post which ought to suit him thoroughly, and of which there can be no doubt that he will discharge the duties with the utmost conscientiousness. A few years ago we might have hailed his appointment less unreservedly, because at that time his influence on art in England was sufficiently considerable to be dangerous. In these days we trust that undergraduates, though they will learn much from a master in many respects so distinguished and so competent, will scarcely take him for the infallible prophet that enthusiastic young people of both sexes believed him to be in the good old pre-Raffaellite times. Mr. Ruskin is still occasionally tempted to talk as if he continued to believe in his own little papacy, but the chair of Fine Art is neither so ancient nor so august as that of St. Peter, and the best plan for the future seems to be to leave infallibility and anathemas to the other venerable gentleman over the water, and simply accept the position of a teacher respected for his accomplishments, and beloved for his kindly nature, though good-humouredly laughed at for his eccentricities. There is an expression, however, on the very first page of the Inaugural Lecture which seems to imply that the Professor looks back somewhat wistfully to the old prophetic days. "It has chanced to me of late," he says, "to be so little acquainted either with pride, or hope, that I can scarcely recover so much as I now need of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight." Certainly Mr. Ruskin cannot any longer indulge in the pride of an intellectual autocracy, or in the hopes of a successful founder of a new artistic religion, but we think he may fairly be both proud and hopeful yet. No other writer on art is either so extensively read or so willingly listened to; and, notwithstanding the decline of his influence over practical work (now scarcely traceable), we may

* *Lectures on Art.* Delivered before the University of Oxford in Hilary Term, 1870. By John Ruskin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

safely hazard the prediction that what is best in his books will live.

What most lessened his influence was the spreading power of the French school, a school which now sits central in the world, and visibly affects art-production in every nation where paint is laid on canvas. The work of the French painters was done in perfect independence of Ruskinism, of which they had never heard, and which, when some faint echo of it did finally reach their ears through M. Milsand, seemed to them merely a bit of British eccentricity unworthy of serious attention. The younger English painters observed this, and discovered that it was possible to be successful in art, and to lead all Europe, without knowing anything of Ruskinism. In a word, when the foreign movement began on the decline of the pre-Raffaellite movement, the conviction spread amongst our younger men that Ruskinism was superfluous, and after that time it has had little to do with English art-practice. Again, it was found that Mr. Ruskin's criticism was not ratified by the most cultivated European opinion. To take a special instance, one amongst many, his eulogy of Mr. Wallis's "Chatterton"—"faultless and wonderful; a most noble example of the great school." The picture was exhibited at Manchester in 1857, and afterwards in Paris, where the French painters saw it and found it wonderful indeed, but in quite another sense.

The truth is that Mr. Ruskin was believed to be the leader of an art movement which in fact he only accompanied, and when the painters turned in another direction, and he no longer kept up the appearance of leadership, it became apparent that there had existed an illusion on the subject. So with reference to the fame of Turner, people who read *Modern Painters*, and knew nothing of the previous history of English art, fancied that Turner's merits had been discovered by Mr. Ruskin; but a simple comparison of dates proves that Turner's merits were very handsomely recognised before Mr. Ruskin was born. Constable, in 1813, said that Turner had "a wonderful range of mind," and thought it an honour to sit next him at dinner; whilst Constable's friend, Fisher, writing in the same year, calls Turner's "Frost" "a picture of pictures." Mr. Ruskin was born in 1819, at which date Turner had been admitted to the honours of the Academy for fully eighteen years. A child born in 1873 would stand chronologically in something like the same position relatively to the fame of Leighton that Mr. Ruskin occupied relatively to that of Turner. When the first volume of *Modern Painters* was published, in 1843, Turner was the richest and most successful landscape-painter in the world. The labour of fifty years had interested a large public in the painter and his works, and they were ready to listen to any one who had ability enough to explain them eloquently. With the absorbing egotism of men of genius, Mr. Ruskin made himself the representative of the whole body of Turner's admirers, and said so much, and said it so well, that it became scarcely possible to write anything favourable about Turner without seeming to plagiarize from him. After that the younger English artists began the pre-Raffaellite movement, and when it had attracted public attention and proved its strength, Mr. Ruskin did for it exactly what he had done for Turner. He gave full literary expression to ideas already expressed by the artists on canvas, and in a word made himself the public orator of the most important artistic movement of the day. But a rôle of this kind could not be permanently sustained. The very earnestness and honesty of the writer made it impossible for him to proclaim the movement which succeeded to pre-Raffaellism as he had proclaimed pre-Raffaellism itself. After having announced in 1856 that the battle was completely and confessedly won by the Pre-Raffaellite party, that animosity had changed into emulation, astonishment into sympathy, and that a true and consistent school of art was at last established in the Royal Academy of England," after having announced the finality of the movement in these terms, it was not possible for Mr. Ruskin to become also the orator of the foreign movement which originated in the study of Continental work at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and in the foreign education of the painters who were students in the succeeding years. Mr. Ruskin shortly afterwards abandoned the leadership which he had assumed, and of late years has written several volumes on other matters than art. The influence that he once exercised was due to his hearty sympathy with what certain English artists had done, or were then doing, and to a power of language which made the expression of that sympathy efficacious. The criticism of the eighteenth century had been left far behind by the painters themselves; the public wanted a more modern writer. Ruskin was thoroughly modern, as modern as the living painters; so he was listened to with eagerness. But the power he had was that of a representative man. So long as he and the artists marched in the same direction he seemed powerful; when they changed their direction he was left like a trumpeter without an army. His reputation has suffered a good deal since in consequence of certain wild theories of his about political economy and other matters, which have already been commented upon in this journal.

If Mr. Ruskin's fame had been based upon his eloquence alone the world would already have outlived it. But behind the eloquent exponent of modern artistic innovations there was a patient student, one of the most patient students in England, and it is in this quality that Mr. Ruskin still commands our most sincere respect—a respect which we hope will be fully shared by every undergraduate who listens to him. He has the true student-spirit, and is therefore, so far, admirably qualified for teaching. In this he differs notably from all common writers on art, and even from all ordinary painters. The common critic never studies in any

serious sense at all; he merely goes to picture-exhibitions, and writes down his impressions afterwards; the ordinary artist becomes absorbed in picture-manufacture, and ceases to acquire fresh truth. Mr. Ruskin's steady persistence in study has made his position a substantial one, and given him a firm hold on the esteem of all who work in the same temper. We forgive him all his eccentricities for this—for the quantity of downright hard work that he has gone through, and still imposes upon himself. No one is more widely removed from fashionable amateurship. And as Mr. Ruskin complains that he has not much hope left, let us suggest that he may still have the noble hope of doing a great work in Oxford. If he succeeds in making the unprofessional study of art accepted and recognised as a real discipline, he will have rendered a better service to his age than if he had bound down all our painters to pre-Raffaellism, and reduced the market-value of all Claudes and Vandevelles in Europe.

These lectures begin the great task well. But why confuse the students with new and eccentric classifications? Why attempt changes in the use of language which no single teacher can ever prevail upon a nation to adopt? The reader who has not seen these lectures will be amazed to hear that Mr. Ruskin now classifies Holbein and Albert Dürer as painters of the Greek school. This is so far-fetched, so oblivious of important characteristics, so contrary to all received ideas, to ideas received by all men of the highest culture and experience in art, that the attempt to make such a classification prevail is utterly hopeless and useless. And if attempts of this kind are useless they are injurious, because they create confusion. Imagine the effect on an audience of European artists who have studied Greek work all their lives, if they were told that we had a critic in England who said that Holbein and Dürer were artists of the Greek school! What would they think of our critic, what would they think if they were told further that this doctrine was professed in the chair of Fine Art in the University of Oxford? And if we went into detail, and said that our teacher affirmed the Gothic school to be always cheerful, and the Greek to be always oppressed by the shadow of death, what would they think of him then?

The process by which Mr. Ruskin arrives at this amazing conclusion is so round-about that it would take an article to explain it. We may, however, attempt an abstract. 1. The Greeks worshipped light in Apollo and Athena, and had terribly sombre conceptions of spiritual darkness. 2. Through their intense love of light, darkness was particularly apparent to them. 3. Albert Dürer saw what was spiritually dark and melancholy; ergo, he was an artist of the Greek school. Further, all the chiaroscuroists are of the Greek school, so that Rembrandt is pre-eminently Greek. On the other hand, the Egyptians are of the Gothic school, so are the Chinese, &c. We need not be at the trouble of refuting so wild a theory as this, but it is worth mentioning because it lets us see the working of Mr. Ruskin's mind—first, in its almost sublime contempt for everybody else; and, secondly, in its curious processes of induction and generalization. Because the Greeks worshipped Apollo and liked light, therefore they were really very melancholy; Dürer is melancholy, therefore Dürer is of the Greek school. Mr. Ruskin told us long ago that he was an infallible reasoner; but what if any ordinary mortal, not infallible, had put forth such a piece of reasoning as this?

The Oxford undergraduates are also taught to divide all art generally into the schools of crystal and the schools of clay. Now, though it is true that we have adopted the poetical title of the Crystal Palace for the glass-house at Sydenham, it is improbable that Oxford undergraduates, however poetical, will talk to each other habitually about the crystal schools of fine art. Egyptian and Chinese work is of the school of crystal, but Correggio and Turner are of the school of clay. These things may astonish us, but the more we are amazed the happier Mr. Ruskin feels. He delights in shocking our ignorant and weak minds, and is never better pleased than when we betray by word or look that he has succeeded. By this time, however, we are like an electric eel which the operator has thoroughly exhausted. The brass saddles have been so often laid upon our backs, and we have so often given off the electricity of amazement, that we really have no more left.

Seriously, the only safe ground for Mr. Ruskin is the study of natural fact. He can teach this; he can at least teach the main facts about natural landscape, about the sky and the earth and vegetation, so far as these concern artists. We have no evidence that he has any knowledge of animal form. As a theorist he is too wild to be relied upon, and though his sentiment is nearly always tender and kindly, it is often morbid. For instance, in the lecture on the "Relation of Art to Religion," we have the following:—

And do we dream that by carving fountains and lifting pillars in His honour who cuts the way of the rivers amongst the rocks, and at whose reproof the pillars of the earth are astonished, we shall obtain pardon for the dishonour done to the hills and streams by which He has appointed our dwelling-place;—for the infection of their sweet air with poison;—for the burning up of their tender grass and flowers with fire, &c.

This is a perfect specimen of the kind of sentiment in which Mr. Ruskin so frequently indulges. How is a manufacturer who builds a mill by a stream-side to obtain the Divine pardon for the injury he has done to the grass and flowers—the tender grass and flowers? Not by building a church; and if not, how then? A grave question, truly, for all who erect mills and foundries.

Casting aside the sentiment and generalizations in the book as superfluous, we come at last to the main matter, how Mr. Ruskin

intends to teach drawing at Oxford. He insists upon "absolute accuracy of delineation"—a good provisional doctrine to preach to very young students, though they will find out later that true art, as distinguished from simple copyism of nature, is never accurate. We are sorry to find that Mr. Ruskin shares the vulgar conception that the best painting is that which is most like a mirror. He quotes Leonardo to the same effect. It was natural that in the *naïveté* of Leonardo's times a painter should believe, as the uncritical public believes still, that the best art is that which is most slavishly imitative; but cultivated European criticism has long since recognised the fact that all personal expression, all that in one word constitutes *art*, necessarily involves deviation from accuracy. This is so well understood on the Continent now that even in his studies, if a pupil is servilely and photographically accurate, without artistic feeling and selection, such accuracy is considered a proof that he is naturally unfitted for the pursuit of the fine arts. There have been passages in Mr. Ruskin's writings which seemed to indicate that his views were wider and more mature. Such a doctrine as this belongs to the infancy of criticism.

We had hoped to trouble our readers no more with Mr. Ruskin's denunciations of the age, but they occur in the midst of the most practical counsel. Thus, the undergraduates are told that they are to draw lines first, and then fill in spaces with flat colour, after that they will advance to animal forms and to the patterns and colour-designs on animals—which is all very rational indeed. But the next minute the *idée fixe* asserts itself and the undergraduates are informed that they "live in an age of base conceit and baser servility—an age whose intellect is chiefly formed by pillage and occupied in desecration, one day mimicking, the next destroying, the works of all the noble persons who made its intellectual or art-life possible to it—an age without honest confidence enough in itself to carve a cherry-stone with an original fancy, but with insolence enough to abolish the solar system, if it were allowed to meddle with it." So it is all through the volume—a little practical sense, perfectly sane as it seems, then a wild flight, alternately. The first conditions of a school of art in England are the use of water-power instead of steam, and absolute refusal or banishment of unnecessary igneous force:—

And until you do this, be it soon or late, things will continue in that triumphant state to which your mechanism has brought them;—that though England is deafened with spinning-wheels her people have not clothes—though she is black with digging, of fuel, they die of cold—and though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger.

The simple answer to this nonsense is that the population of England is better clothed, better housed, and better fed than it has been at any former period of the national history, and that this improvement is chiefly attributable to steam. Without steam manufactures the poor could not use linen and cotton as freely as they do, and all woven fabrics would be much less accessible for them. The distress which does exist is not attributable to the steam-engine, or the use of fire, but to the habits of improvidence which unhappily prevail in this country, to vice of various kinds, especially drunkenness, and to inevitable misfortune.

KAYE'S SEPOY WAR.*

MR. KAYE labours under inevitable disadvantages in telling his story piecemeal. Six years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume, and his readers have had ample time to forget the details which that volume contained. Indeed we labour, throughout the book, under an uneasy consciousness that the time has hardly yet come when it should have been given to the world. It has always seemed to us surprising that, with the blood of English victims scarcely dry at Cawnpore and Lucknow, Mr. Kaye should have been able to sit down and investigate the causes which led to the great rebellion, to toil patiently through the record of political events and of social and material progress which marked the ten years preceding the outbreak, to trace the history of the Bengal army from its formation to the close of Lord Dalhousie's administration, and to dissect with judicial impartiality the characters of a crowd of actors in the strife, some of whom were still moving in English society with the first gloss still unworn on their recently won decorations, and some but just buried on the scene of successes which they could no longer share. The difficulty which was felt six years ago has not yet disappeared. Mr. Kaye declares that he has often been met, in reply to his inquiries, by the remark that the men of whom he spoke were still living and the truth cannot be told. "To this," says he, "my answer has been:—To the historian all men are dead; if a writer of contemporary history is not prepared to treat the dead and the living alike—to speak as freely and as truthfully of the former as of the latter, and with no more reservation in the one case than in the other—he has altogether mistaken his vocation." It would perhaps be difficult to frame a sentence which should suggest more accurately what ought to be done, and how very difficult it would be to do it. Great as was the success which attended the publication of Mr. Kaye's first volume, we think it would have been wise to delay the publication until at least that now offered to the public should be ready to accompany it. It was at best but a fragment, and it broke off awkwardly.

Even the second volume, which is now before us, brings us to no definite point in the struggle; like the *feuilleton* of

a French newspaper; the narrative is "to be continued in our next," not because any part of the story has been completed, but because the printer has turned out a sufficient number of sheets to form a volume. The plan may have its advantages, but we must protest against it as a most inconvenient mode of writing history. The most careful student of the first volume will find himself unable to take an intelligent interest in the events of the second, unless he first re-peruses that which for six years has reposed upon his shelves; and the case of the large portion of the reading public which depends for its supply of books upon the circulating library and the book-club is still more hard. To them it will be by no means easy to obtain possession of the necessary volume, which, if not now out of print, is at any rate somewhat scarce and difficult of access. Mr. Kaye declares that he did not anticipate that his book would have been so long delayed, but delay was not the only nor the greatest of his disadvantages:—

One thing [he writes] soon became unpleasantly apparent to me. I had made a mistake in forecasting the plan of the entire work, in an advertisement prefixed to the first volume. It was impossible to write adequately, in this instalment of my book, of all the operations which I had originally intended to record. With materials of such great interest before me it would have been unwise to starve the narrative, so I thought it best to make confession of error and to expunge my too hasty promises from subsequent editions of the work.

So frank a confession that the entire plan of the work was remodelled after the first instalment had been given to the world may to some extent disarm criticism, and enlist the sympathy of readers. But it tends, as we think, to prove the justice of our opinion.

In 1856, when Lord Dalhousie returned home to die, he was able to announce that peace and prosperity smiled upon the Empire. That Empire he had largely extended; at the beginning of his Viceroyalty the Punjab and Oude were foreign states; he left them British provinces. But it was not in the nature of things that large annexations, whether the policy that dictated them was wise or unwise, should leave no trace of discontent behind them. Ten years before, the victories of Lord Hardinge left in our hands the control of the Punjab. At first, and with promise of success, the Sikh Durbar was left to administer the internal affairs of the country under the protection of the English. A lawless soldiery who had hitherto practically been supreme were kept in awe by British battalions, and a British Resident dictated the course of political events. But the plan of governing through the medium of a native sovereign, which had been successful enough in the days of Clive and Dupleix, could not now be maintained. In no long time a revolt of the nominally ruling house rendered a second Sikh war necessary, and in 1849 the Punjab was annexed. A considerable time elapsed before the turbulent elements of Punjabee society settled down quietly, but the change was at length effected, and Lord Dalhousie was enabled to turn his attention to other matters. Pegu shared the fate of the Punjab. Thus, three years after the arrival of Lord Dalhousie, two great military campaigns had been brought to an end, and two great provinces annexed. He had now done with foreign wars. His after career was one of peaceful invasion. The principle called "the right of lapse" was invented. According to Hindoo custom, a son must perform the funeral obsequies of his father. The right, therefore, of adoption was dearly prized by the Hindoos, both in a religious and a political sense. The lords paramount who preceded us never alienated this right. The Mogul rulers usually imposed a nuzzurana or succession duty, but it was reserved for the British to absorb native principalities in default of male heirs. In 1849 the Rajah of Sattarah, a descendant of Sevajie, the founder and head of the Mahratta empire, died without heirs, and his territory, in spite of strenuous opposition, both in India and in the Court of Directors itself, was annexed. The rule, once established, was not likely to remain a dead letter. Another great Mahratta chief, the Rajah of Nagpore, died without an heir, and Nagpore was absorbed into the British dominions. Jhansi soon followed Nagpore, and Kerowlee, one of the smaller Rajpoot States, only escaped a similar fate through the energetic remonstrances of Sir Henry Lawrence. But though the Kerowlee succession was not made to lapse, it was well known to all the Rajpoot princes, and indeed throughout India, that forfeiture had been in contemplation. The result of this and of the former annexations was to produce a general want of faith in the British Government. Confidence was one of the main pillars of our strength; when, therefore, an ominous report was circulated to the effect that the gradual absorption of all the Rajpoot States had been sanctioned by the Home Government, the dangerous lie obtained but too ready credence.

The annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie was pursued with relentless vigour to the end of his administration. Sumbhulpore was absorbed, perhaps with less injustice than in the cases before mentioned, but still not without a disturbing effect upon the native mind. But it was not only territory which was seized by Lord Dalhousie. A case arose which was destined to produce disastrous results in the time of the mutiny. The Raj of Poona had been territorially extinct since 1818, when the reigning Peishwah surrendered to Sir John Malcolm. The Peishwah was deposed, but by Imperial clemency a large pension was settled upon him, and a refuge found for him at Bithoor, a short distance from the great military station of Cawnpore, where he lived for many years with a large body of followers and dependents of his own race. He was not ungrateful; once he lent the Company five lakhs of rupees when their treasury was empty; once, when there was talk of alliance between the Sikhs and Mahrattas against our rule, he not

* *The Sepoy War in India in 1857-58*. By John William Kaye, F.R.S. Vol. II. London: Allen & Co.

only stood firm, but offered to raise troops to help us. He was loyal to us to the last, but was childless, and when the old man died, in 1851, the son of his adoption was not recognised by Lord Dalhousie. That adopted son was the Nana Sahib. There was yet another province, rather another kingdom, that was annexed to the British dominions under Lord Dalhousie—the Kingdom of Oude. The Newab Wuzeers of Oude, though bad rulers and bad men, false often to their own manhood and to their own people, were good allies to the English. They supplied our armies with grain, with carriage cattle, even with cash; for there were often supplies in the Treasury of Lucknow while that of Calcutta was empty. But all this was of no avail. The sentence of annexation was issued in 1855. A body of troops was marched up to overawe Lucknow, and early in the year 1856 the King Wajid Ali was deposed.

While the ancient principalities of India were thus in process of destruction, another series of operations was directed against the nobility and gentry of the country. The old landholders were swept out of their baronial possessions, and a race of peasant proprietors recognised as the legitimate inheritors of the soil. Nor was this all. Under former Governments, and in the earlier days of our own, there had been large alienations of revenue in favour of persons who had rendered good service to the State. But after a lapse of time, when even in cases of fraud it might have been pleaded that custom interposed a barrier to interference, the English revenue officers determined to put every one of the free-rent holders to the proof of his rights. A scene commenced which Mr. Kaye rightly describes as a reign of terror. Wholesale confiscation took place under the title of resumption operations. Many proprietors who had held inherited estates for long series of years were compelled to pay or go. Many, no doubt, had originally no right to the exemption they enjoyed, but many whose titles were originally valid could produce no satisfactory evidence of the fact; so the fraudulent and the rightful possessor were involved in one common ruin.

Warnings were not wanting that the course adopted, even were it consistent with natural justice, was by no means safe. The Government were reminded that the Sepoys were almost all landholders, many of them Brahmins, whose families were supported by the foundations which were now being destroyed, and the public press very freely discussed the probability of alienating the loyalty of the military classes by such measures. But these warnings were disregarded. The general tide of innovation spared nothing. If the magistrate "resumed" the land, and the Governor-General refused his succession to the prince, the schoolmaster and the missionary struck at the root of Brahminism. The murder of widows by suttee and of children in the Zenana, the murder of the sick and aged on the banks of the river, the murder of human victims reared and fattened for the sacrifice, were all religious institutions, from which the priesthood derived either profit or power; now all these rites were suppressed, and the superstitions which nurtured them began to disappear from the land. Every class, therefore, some on good and some on bad grounds, felt under the innovations of the English a sense of insecurity which added tenfold to the old hatred which fear alone had prevented from developing into antagonism. But the most dangerous change was that which affected the condition of the Sepoys. For a century the native army had faced death without a fear, and encountered suffering and privation without murmuring. Wherever Sepoy troops had been ordered to go they had gone, and they had almost invariably so behaved as to add lustre by their achievements to British arms. At first the native battalions were commanded by gentlemen of their own creed and colour, but by degrees a larger number of European officers were added to each battalion, and at length the same number were posted to each regiment as to a regiment in the service of the King, and the native officer sank into complete insignificance. Successive innovations destroyed the original Oriental character of the army and drilled it into the likeness of an English force. The Sepoy was forbidden to wear the marks of caste upon his forehead, his earrings were taken away, he was ordered to shave his sacred beard, and to abandon the turban for the shako. The last innovation was perhaps the most dangerous, for a topi-wallah—that is, a hat-wearer—is a synonym in their language for a Christian. But in the early part of the century there was still a great bond of union between the European officer and his men; the regiment was the officer's home. It was the habit to converse with the Sepoys when off duty, and to live with the native officers on familiar terms. It was not easy to return to Europe. There were few English ladies in India, and the want of an English wife was very commonly compensated, so far as might be, by a native mistress. This, though it was decidedly not to be approved of on the score of morality, was a means of keeping the officer in some degree of harmony with the subject race. By degrees all these things were changed. Intercourse with Europe became frequent and easy; society assumed more of a European complexion; English news, English books, and above all English women, came to India. There were yet other changes at work. The command of the army became more and more centralized; the colonel, who could in the old times dress and discipline his regiment as he pleased, impress upon them his own individual character, and identify his name and fame with them, had his power so curtailed that he could hardly promote a corporal without the concurrence of head-quarters. The Sepoys ceased to look up to him as the centre of their

hopes and fears, and lost much of the affectionate respect with which they were wont to regard him. Moreover, the Staff began to carry off all the best officers. British dominion extended itself to new provinces; the administrative business of the State was largely increased. The political affairs of native kingdoms were to be overlooked, extensive surveys to be conducted, public works to be executed. The appointments thus created were more numerous than the Civil Service could fill, and more lucrative, as well as more attractive to ambitious and active men, than mere regimental employment. Thus it came to pass that the best officers went away, and those who could not go or were not fit to go lost heart, and looked upon themselves as persons in an inferior situation. The Sepoy army was consequently more and more left to its own devices, unchecked by the constant presence and intercourse of Europeans; its affairs were more and more administered by a distant and central authority; and while respect for the prejudices of the Sepoys was gradually diminishing, the Sepoys on their side looked upon the Europeans with less awe than formerly, and the old affectionate intercourse was entirely superseded by morose reserve.

(To be continued.)

ENSEMBLE.*

WE are always inclined to resent the practice of invoking the shades of departed characters of fiction, and wedding them to fresh incidents and episodes in second novels and nuptials. It has its advantages doubtless with prolific authors like Mr. Trollope, who might soon exhaust the range of the somewhat monotonous nature on which they work if they did not make the most of creations that have found favour with the public. To novel-readers Lily Dale or Mary Thorne, their stories, feelings, looks, manners, and conversation, become far more familiar than Queen Elizabeth or Mary of Scotland to students of history. Mr. Trollope takes young ladies by the hand when they get into long frocks and literally brings them "out," leads them steadily through marriage towards the silent tomb, and when he has deposited them there may possibly go back to teething and the nursery, thus filling up the only gap he has left in his heroines' biographies. Until he shall rest from his labours, they can never be certain that they will be suffered to repose from theirs. But a veteran like Mr. Trollope is one power as the public is another, and he is perhaps not the weaker of the two. He can impose what characters he pleases on people who are pretty sure to read his books in any case, and it must be flattering to him to feel that his name ensures a welcome for any friends of his. It is different with a young writer, and the attempt argues something of the self-confidence which Mr. Bradwood attributes in so large measure to the hero of *Ensemble*. Some months ago Mr. Bradwood published what we fancy was his maiden work—the *O. V. H.*, a sporting novel, lightly written and light to read, in which the author showed very considerable promise, and no small technical knowledge on sporting topics. It had a triad of heroes—Jemmy Blake, Ralph Romilly, and Ruby Blake; and it closed with a certain severing of that fair company, inasmuch as the first of the gentlemen committed himself to matrimony. The tone of Mr. Bradwood's novels is glorification of the *garçon* and of *garçon*-life; and now, as is fitting, Mr. Blake withdraws modestly with Mrs. Blake into the background, while Ralph Romilly comes prominently forward, with Ruby a good second. Jemmy Blake had grown from boyhood upward into premature bachelor habits and a fixed impression that the system of society was made to revolve round his arm-chair—that the world was created in the main for the purpose of being ridden over and smoked in. If his bride had not, like all Mr. Bradwood's ladies, been the most flexible of male-worshippers, we should have augured ill for the happiness of their domestic life. But Jemmy Blake is the most agreeable and polished of men compared to his cousin Ralph Romilly; that young gentleman is the most offensive of all breathing beings, a pseudo-cynic of one-and-twenty or thereabouts, with an imperturbability of demeanour disturbed neither by battle nor sudden death, neither in the supreme crisis of a boat-race nor the horrors of a railway accident. To say that his manners and talk are grossly boorish would be letting him off lightly. He wraps himself in bearskin and is always showing his teeth, snapping by preference at sweet young girls, and at peers and potentates old enough to be his father. In real life he would have been an impossibility, at least out of college circles or the narrowest precincts of his domestic circle. For he is only a bear cub after all, not the fully developed animal; he could not have gone a yard without being snubbed, must have been cut universally in decent society, and would assuredly have been blackballed at every club he came up for, if, as is most probable, he had not seen the folly of his boyish airs, and shaken himself free from them. It would have been far from safe to punch his head, for of course he has the strength of a Hercules, with the courage of a Ney. He hits out straight from the shoulder on the faintest provocation, gets home on awkward places, on the apple of the throat or below the ear, and has generally a vicious gleam in his eye that warns you it is safer to avoid than to try to reform him. To be sure his surroundings are much to blame for fostering his weaknesses. Ruby, his *fidus Achates*, worships and tries to imitate him at a respectful distance. A very pretty girl, Lady Evelyn, apparently

* *Ensemble*. By Wat Bradwood, Author of "The 'O. V. H.'"; or how Mr. Blake became an M. F. H." London: Chapman & Hall. 1870.

sole daughter and heiress of a rich peer, just come out too, and who might have been presumed to have an honest admiration for herself and her charms, is more humbly patient of his caprices than even Ruby. She hangs on his looks and gestures like a beaten spaniel, and is in fact continually being beaten with the rough side of a tongue that is constantly rasping against some one. She is always receiving the most boorish rudeness and the grossest impertinence "meekly" and "deprecatingly." However, Evelyn is in love with him from the first, and there is no accounting for ladies' tastes. But her father, Lord Kenilworth, is not, and he is a man of the world, and we will be bound to say would have speedily offered Mr. Romilly the option of changing his manners or leaving the house. Yet it is with the utmost diffidence and with lavish apologies that he once remonstrates with his young friend, after some very ungentlemanly conduct in a railway carriage, by which his lordship found himself disagreeably compromised.

Although the toleration of a Ralph Romilly in real life is unnatural to impossibility, yet if Mr. Bradwood had sketched him as the bumptious boy of the period we should have taken little exception to him. Only he ought to have been made to walk on thorns instead of roses, and been licked into shape before we saw the last of him. But Mr. Bradwood appears to regard Ralph's little failings as harmless eccentricities rather becoming than otherwise to what is very literally the sterner sex. At least Jemmy and Ruby Blake are cast outwardly in very similar mould. It must be remembered that all these are examples rather than warnings, with excellent hearts, principles, and natures, and you have only to scratch the hide to find the Christian and philanthropist. They live among the world of women who surround and adore them, like three-tailed pashas in their soulless harems; the girls are content to love and look, and to speak when they are spoken to in the commonest of commonplaces. Ralph, indeed, has little of the Moslem or Oriental in him in one respect. He regards himself as a sort of paternal abstraction, instead of a lad just beginning life with the passions of his kind; he leads pretty girls who insist on being his *protégées* off into secluded libraries and deserted billiard-rooms on all manner of occasions, and saving his conscience, if he has any, with calling them "child," imprints chaste kisses on their lips and brows, giving them the option of calling the salutes fraternal or paternal as they please. He adopts one very charming girl rising sixteen, whom he runs up against near Bond Street one evening, has a formal deed executed constituting him her guardian, persuades his mother and sister to receive her, presents her to the county society, and is fortunate in escaping all scandal about this queerly assorted arrangement of guardian and ward. Up to a certain point Ralph talks little but stable talk, reads nothing but sporting prints, and makes field sports at once the business and the recreation of his life. Of a sudden it occurs to him that he might do the State some service, and Ruby suggests that, as they propose passing by York at any rate, it might be a good way to break the ice by giving the dignitaries of the Church assembled in congress in the archiepiscopal city his ideas on Ritualism. The preliminary objection, that by his own confession he has no ideas whatever, would with most men be sufficient answer to the proposition. Not so with Ralph. Undeterred by having passed the night before through a railway accident, where he escapes from death's doors after being squeezed well in them, and at which he has bullied the clergymen, doctors, and officials who arrived cool after the smash into their respective duties, and on which occasion his force of character has culminated in compelling a cowering bagman to denude himself of his pantaloons in public for the benefit of a sufferer—undeterred by all this, and coached by a curate of his acquaintance whom he chances to meet at lunch, he astonishes the assembled Fathers through three-quarters of a column of the *Times*, hitting out right and left at High Church and Low Church with the most supreme impartiality. The text "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," &c., must have suggested itself to the reverend assembly. After this it is but a small matter that he has the better of Mr. Bate, whom we are inclined to identify with the President of the Board of Trade, in a hot debate in the House, first astounding him with the lucidity of his logic, next transfixing him with the shafts of his sarcasm.

If we have been severe on the hero and the ladies—and we leave our readers to judge whether we have been unduly so—it is because Mr. Bradwood presents them as specimens not only of good society, but of society refined in its way. We are aware that unfortunately there are men who carry a strong odour of the stable into the most exclusive circles, and a very unpleasant odour it is. But nowhere in the United Kingdom will Mr. Bradwood find drawing-rooms such as he describes, filled with figures lounging about in stable-jackets, with the old men and matrons, the young men and maidens, equally free of the slang of the stable. Because a gentleman likes sitting a horse or sitting behind him better than anything else in the world, he does not in all cases ride or drive him through every conversation. Mr. Bradwood can describe a steeple-chase or a boat-race so as to stir your interest instead of sending you to sleep; and he knows what he is writing about, which very few sporting writers do. The sporting novel is clearly his forte, but he would make his sporting scenes far more telling were he to keep sport clear of the drawing-room, and only introduce it very guardedly at the dining-table. For he can sketch a lady, and we fancy he could make her talk sensibly or pleasantly if he would only try. We imagine he could do a love-scene too, although really the autocratic character

of Mr. Romilly's relations with the weaker sex scarcely affords us an opportunity of judging. But he gives you the idea that his girls are attractive, and might become fascinating were they not so thoroughly broken to boy-worship. His Greeks and Bohemians are among his best characters, although rather versatile in their pursuits and vices. We can scarcely conceive, for example, a gentleman dog-stealing one week in London, pocket-picking another week at York, and shortly afterwards trying change of air and scene by night-poaching in the country. The race at Henley for the Diamond Sculls, where Ralph pulls the final heat with a champion of the London Rowing Club—winning of course, although by a hair's-breadth—is very well told; so is the Liverpool Steeple Chase, and so are the runs when Ralph is out with his hounds. In the field both Mr. Romilly and Mr. Bradwood are in their element, and they make a very characteristic expedition into the City in search of a stolen dog, which they recover after no little delay and difficulty at a sporting public-house. In short there is much that is good in the volumes, and a great deal that might easily have been very much better. The simple expedient of making Romilly ten or fifteen years older, while it must have thrown him out for the sculls, would have increased the balance of probability, although involving many improbabilities. The fatal mistake of *Ensemble* is that the author, in trying to drag his boys out into men, makes them monsters, while in drawing them as caricatured men of the world he introduces an element of humour into his works which he certainly does not intend. We liked the *O. V. H.* better than *Ensemble*, but we are sure Mr. Bradwood could write a story that should be better than either. Meanwhile the latter book has quite sufficient of the liveliness of the former to make it very readable indeed, and we can assure intending readers that there is a surprise reserved for them in a *dénouement* from which we shall not be unfriendly enough to lift the veil.

CHARITABLE ACTION IN WAR.*

WHEN first we glanced through the work before us our impulse was to throw it away unfinished, sure that a more dreary compilation under the name of essay was never rewarded with a prize; for Mr. Furley has rendered faithfully in the English version all the weakness of the inflated style of the original, its stilted epithets, its repulsive use of high-sounding, meaningless phrases. Is there some special curse attaching to all international movements, that they should come before the world in so dull a dress as the language of MM. Moynier and Appia, the worst French of a bad school? We can understand that at Geneva, the acknowledged head-quarters of social democracy, these vague sentimental effusions, which promise so much for the world and commit the individual to so little, might naturally excite some interest, just as they clothe themselves naturally in the jargon in which Genevese internationalists revel under the delusion that big words thrown together make eloquence. But that a sober Prussian Committee should find nothing more worthy of their prize than the essay before us, argues irresistibly that there has been no other connected attempt to give the world a history of what individual enterprise has accomplished in lessening the horrors of war. The subject in fact is a new one. With the exception of a very dreary Report of the doings of the New York Sanitary Commission, and a pamphlet by Miss Nightingale describing Lord Herbert's reforms in our own service, the subject of the systematic application of private charity to war had hardly been touched upon before from the historical point of view.

The idea in fact is strictly a modern one, and is founded upon the same development of wealth and civilization which complicates the whole circumstances of war. Just as strategy is affected by the varied means of locomotion which steam supplies and the telegraph regulates, and tactics by the vast improvement in weapons due to manufacturing skill, so the increasing power of the press, combined with ready means of access to the seat of war, make it impossible that armies employed by civilized Powers should be subjected in future to that hideous sanitary neglect which was formerly their normal condition when on active service. The movement of which the Genevese essayists profess to be the exponents took its actual origin from the vivid exposure of the sufferings of our troops before Sebastopol made in the columns of the *Times*. That great journal has probably never rendered such true service to humanity as when it roused the British nation to active exertion on behalf of our absent soldiers, by its pictures of their sufferings and of the inadequate means provided to meet them. It may be argued with much fairness that the heights of Balaclava and the hospitals of Scutari are not fair specimens of what official management unaided will arrive at. It is perfectly true that we went into our Crimean adventure without either counting fully the cost or preparing the means; that we had reduced and economized and hid away our army until it was no longer a serviceable army at all, but a mere collection of highly drilled battalions without staff or organization, fit for no purpose but to support the police in the temporary emergency of a riot; that in short, with such a makeshift force, we had no business to pretend to take part in a distant campaign. But, on the other hand, it is patent to all impartial observers that the sympathies excited by the press, and seconded by extraordinary facilities for locomotion, supplied the wants of the force with a rapidity and

* *Help for Sick and Wounded*. Translated by John Furley from "La Guerre et la Charité," the Prize Essay of MM. Moynier and Appia.

completeness which would have surpassed the provisions of the most careful administration as completely as the graphic pictures of the Special Correspondent outvied in interest the dry paragraphs of official reports. The Post Office contributed largely to the same results. Regular and frequent mail-bags brought home freshly to a thousand circles the wants and sufferings of individual soldiers and their comrades, and a chain of sympathy was woven which bound the nation to its absent warriors with the united force of a thousand family ties. Brothers went out to the East to visit brothers, and fathers sons; nor is it too much to say that the interest with which military matters have ever since been regarded in this country is in great part the direct result of the strong feelings then roused in the most prosaic as in the most tender souls.

It is true that the work before us shows that as long since as in 1813 the ladies of Frankfort formed an association for the express purpose of providing the sick of the liberating armies of Germany with some of the comforts which the meagre military chest failed to give. But this *Frauenverein* seem to have done really but little work beyond collecting about two thousand pounds, and distributing shirts to the soldiers in the city hospital. The tide of war soon passed by Frankfort into France; the members of the association were left struggling with the epidemic typhus which the army left behind it; and, as the account here followed confesses, "the exertions of the society had no longer a military character." The slightest study of the then condition of Europe will explain the failure. Not only were the means of most German families much reduced by Napoleon's exactions, but there was utterly wanting any system of transport which could have been pressed into the charitable service proposed. The armies had their faces set steadily towards Paris, and were moving onwards from day to day with unexampled rapidity, so that any attempt to set up a regular system of medical relief which should travel with them would have had to depend upon the legs of the doctors and nurses. In short, the idea was in advance of the means of the age. And any such administration of help to the sick and wounded as the Frankfort *Frauenverein* proposed would of necessity have continued to be but local and partial in its character but for the vast acceleration of transport which steam provides.

We have pointed out what a means this new power became for enlisting private feeling and private help in behalf of the Crimean army. Here however the highway was afforded by the ocean, the cheapest and readiest road which steam power has found. The Mediterranean soon bore vessels laden with innumerable comforts destined for Scutari and Balaklava, and the mercantile steam navy of England seemed for the time to be concentrated upon the single task of supplying by Parliamentary grant or private liberality the deficiencies which were discovered at the outset. Great as was the good which private liberality effected, it is open to dispute whether any individual exertions fully answered their original purpose excepting those of Miss Nightingale and her assistants; and these were so fully authorised and supported by the Ministry that they might, except for the fact that their services were gratuitous, have been regarded as an institute of Government nurses sent out under special pressure. Certain it is that all detailed accounts show vast waste of private supplies to have taken place during the last months of the war, not so much from the over-excess shipped to Balaklava as from want of organization to distribute them, and ill adaptation of things sent to the actual needs. We do not wonder, therefore, that our Genevese writers lay but little stress on the success of the experiment, except as regards the heroic sisterhood who undertook the care of the Scutari hospitals.

The power of the railroad in facilitating strategy was first tested three years later by the campaign of Solferino, nor did its influence less affect the care of the wounded. It is difficult, without sitting down to arithmetical calculation, to form any adequate idea of the immense gain which the "iron horse" offers to a general-in-chief for concentrating his troops. And although, judging from recent experience, Continental writers agree that such very large armies as those that met in Italy in 1859 cannot use the railroad to advantage for their movements during a campaign, yet it is admitted to be invaluable throughout for transporting supplies. Its use for such purposes was not fully understood at that epoch, nor were the North Italian lines in complete working order; yet the advancing army under Napoleon III. found it a powerful auxiliary, and the wounded of Solferino a most valuable aid. Hospitals were improvised at Brescia, Milan, and even Turin, by the various civic authorities, and were filled with soldiers, mainly from the battle-field. Yet as these arrangements were made by municipal authorities, who sought to be reimbursed by the allied Governments, and did actually receive back most of their outlay, they can hardly be cited as a fair proof of the all-sufficiency of private charity for the needs of war. It was reserved for the great American struggle to show what could be accomplished by voluntary effort under the most favourable circumstances.

We do not propose to follow out at any length those details of the Sanitary Commission Report which our authors have largely quoted. Suffice it to say that the original association founded in New York survived the first refusal of its services by the Washington Administration, and lived to find its operations extended, and its funds strengthened, by branches formed in every place of importance in the Northern States. Fancy fairs were the popular mode chosen for the display of patriotic liberality,

and through their means, and by direct subscriptions, nearly three millions of money were collected for the purposes of the fund. Recognition was soon obtained from the necessary authorities, and relief afforded to the sick and wounded of the armies with a promptness and munificence such as the world had never witnessed before. An allied body, the Christian Commission, undertook the spiritual care of the hospitals on an equally ample scale, and the labours of the original association reached even to the decent care of the bodies of those that fell in battle for the Union cause. The like exertions were made on the side of the South, although on a humbler scale, as the resources were more limited; and here the ladies were especially conspicuous for their personal share in the labours required to supplement the deficiencies of the Government staff. The most obstinate military bigot must admit, upon fair inquiry, that no administration has ever gone near doing for its soldiers what private solicitude did for those of America.

To understand the success of these efforts, it is necessary to bear in mind the conditions of the struggle. On the Virginian theatre of war, in particular, these conditions were the most favourable that can be conceived for the exercise of private charity. The army was not merely near at hand, but was almost stationary for months, or even years. The means of conveyance by steam were ample. More than all, the North especially was in a state of local and individual prosperity such as an older country cannot hope to see. Hundreds of thousands of thriving farmers were interested in the struggle by personal motives and patriotic feeling. The events of the war were brought freshly home to every hearth by an active and omnipresent press, and its very demands, so long as the Government could raise the means, made a thriving market for every producer who could stay at home. Every feeling, therefore, which could stir men to bounty was enlisted in the cause of the soldier, and religion and patriotism alike urged men on to exertions which an unnatural prosperity enabled them to make without suffering. But to quote this state of things as an example of what may be expected when wars occur elsewhere and under different circumstances, is to make as great an error as though a European general should count on being able to carry on a campaign in the midst of forests after the example of the late struggle in Virginia.

We do not believe, in short, that the *Société Genevoise d'utilité publique* (from which sprang the International Conference), or such works as those before us, will do anything practical to soften the horrors of war—anything more, that is to say, than would a similar number of respectable gentlemen meeting from time to time to hear each other discuss favourite theories as to the duties of humanity. As to the Conference being, as our author assures us, an important historical fact, "whose magic wand has electrified all nations," it is no more so certainly, probably much less, than the late International Exhibition at Kensington. It is quite right, no doubt, that the streams of private charity should be directed in time of war to the relief of those sufferers whom the country offers up for its political advantage. We earnestly hope that the efforts now made both on the Continent and in this country to aid the exertions of French and German benevolence may largely succeed. But the devotion which our authors incidentally describe as having been shown by private individuals to such purposes ever since the Christian creed first acted on the mass of mankind, proves that there is nothing exceptional, nothing but what might be expected, in the application of the principle of private charity to future wars with a largeness and completeness corresponding to the increase of means and facility of locomotion provided by modern commerce. War cannot now be carried on by any great nation without rousing feelings of sympathy for those who fight its battles. And what England did in 1855, and America ten years later, with no more impulse than that communicated by the natural circumstances of the times, will, we are sure, be imitated and improved upon in later contests, without keeping up the cumbrous machinery proposed by the Genevese meeting of National Committees, Sections, and Congresses, which could have no practical result during peace but to add to the Existing Societies for Mutual Self-glorification a new set of harmless busybodies, and to pour into our already brimming waste-paper baskets a fresh supply of useless reports.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.*

WE had to deal some time ago with a mere lawyer's notions of history as shown in Mr. Finlason's wonderful book about Hereditary Dignities. We hope that we shall not be thought to deal scurvily with what a stroke of the pen here and there might turn into a very useful little book, if we use it to some extent as a text for saying something more on the same subject. It would be quite possible to give an account of the English Constitution and Government, the Ecclesiastical and Legal Establishments, the Magistracy, Army, Navy, Civil Service, and everything else, without any reference to past times at all. We should not look upon such an account as at all adequate, but it might be perfectly accurate as far as it went. Such an account would be like a map of any country drawn from the latest surveys and documents, which shows things exactly as they are at the present moment, without reference to any earlier point of

* *How We are Governed; or the Crown, the Senate, and the Bench.* A Handbook of the Constitution, Government, Laws, and Power of Great Britain. By Fonblanque and Holdsworth. Revised to present date and considerably enlarged by Alex. C. Ewald, F.S.A. London: Warne & Co. 1869.

time. Such a map will not only be accurate, but perfectly adequate for its own purpose. We want to see in whose dominions Forbach is at the present moment; if we want to know in whose dominions it was in any past generation, we turn to another page of our Spruner. But in a book, especially a constitutional book, neither the author nor the reader is likely to be quite satisfied with simply describing things as they are. It would be quite possible to set forth the duties and privileges of an Earl and a Sheriff as they stand by the laws and customs now in force, without entering at all into the history of the offices or into the origin of the names. But the reader is sure to feel a desire for something more than this, and the author is sure to be perfectly willing to try and gratify that desire. Each alike is tempted to go back a little further, and if the author is a lawyer, the temptation is irresistible. The lawyer is, by the very nature of his calling, driven to look at almost everything from a quasi-historical point of view. He cannot keep himself wholly in the present; a necessity is laid upon him to be ever looking back to the past. The unlucky thing is that his way of looking back to the past, though always quasi-historical, is seldom more than quasi-historical. He goes by precedents and authorities; but his authorities are seldom anything more than the dicta of earlier lawyers. A man, learned and trustworthy in his own line, puts forth some utterly baseless theory about something quite out of his line, and the misconception is reverentially repeated for centuries. It is amusing enough to trace to their origin the strange notions which in the mind of Blackstone passed for the early history of this or that institution. But Blackstone and his fellows sin in good company. The notion of Blackstone that William the Conqueror "introduced the feudal system" in a particular year, at the request of the Estates of the Realm—a statement which is duly repeated in the little book before us—is, after all, not so grotesque as the notion of King Ælfred that the immemorial institution of the *wergild*, the *ποινή*, the price of blood, was introduced by pious Bishops in imitation of the mild-heartedness of Christ.

But if lawyers are apt to break down in dealing with purely historical matters, they are not likely to be set straight by the help of literary gentlemen. We conceive that we may recognise a member of the latter class in Mr. Alex. C. Ewald, who revises and considerably enlarges the work of Fonblanque and Holdsworth—Fonblanque and Holdsworth being, like Cæsar and Pompey, great enough to dispense with anything before or after their simple surnames. We think that we can sometimes discern by the light of nature what comes from the lawyers and what comes from the other source. It is, we conceive, the lawyers who tell us in p. 16 that "the King or Queen and two Houses of Parliament are known as the three Estates of the Realm." This is of course a mistake, but it is a quiet respectable lawyer-like mistake, a mistake which has been often made by very worthy people for more than three hundred years past, and it is a pardonable mistake too, for in England the Three Estates are after all a fiction; for all practical purposes there are only two estates, Lords and Commons. A practical man like a lawyer may well forget or despise the figment which makes the Clergy a distinct estate, and in casting about for another estate besides Lords and Commons he naturally thinks it must be the King. So to say is of course wrong, but the statement, though wrong, is not mere twaddle. But it must surely be not the lawyer but the gentleman of the press who bursts forth into a torrent of the very tallest talk about what he is pleased to call "a species of Fourth Estate or power of the realm." The young lions of Jupiter Junior in their very grandest moods could hardly roar more proudly than Mr. Ewald does in the following passage:—

It is the present century almost entirely that has witnessed the establishment of the Press in the rank of an "Estate." True, it has no recognised constitutional existence, as an integral portion of the Legislature. It does not muster rank and file in a division. But surely it has a voice, and a very potent one too, in all the debates and deliberations in both Houses of Parliament. It does not go into the lobby in *propria persona*, but who can deny that it influences and frequently determines the vote of many a man upon questions of the gravest importance? It holds its debates daily in public, and sits the whole year round. It has no "vacation"—no "recess." Its eye never slumbers, and its voice is never mute. It speaks to millions thunder-tongued. Among its vast auditory are Kings, Princes, Priests and Senators, yet it does not address them with hushed accents or bated breath. It does not tickle their ears with the honeyed poison of flattery; but it tells them truths which in bygone times would never have reached them—wholesome truths in high places which preserve the body politic from corruption and decay. But not this only. The Fourth Estate has its eyes cast abroad in all the corners of the earth in search of knowledge; its emissaries explore the utmost recesses of civilized and savage life, and accumulate, for the benefit of the present and the future, the vast treasures of experience and information which are amassed and redistributed day by day in the interests of human progress and enlightenment. In a word, there are none so low that the teaching of the Press does not in some way reach and affect them, and none so high as to be above the lessons of instruction and wisdom which it conveys.

From a humble legal point of view, we would hint—if the King kills a man, there seems to be no way of trying him at all; if a Peer be the offender, he is tried by the House of Lords; if a Commoner, he is tried by a jury; what would be the proper tribunal in the case, which we hardly like to put, of a like crime being committed by a member of the Fourth Estate?

In one or two points we are sorry to say that the book after all is not correctly "revised to present date." The Reform Bill of 1867 is given at great length, and at the end of it we get a soul-harrowing picture of the iniquity of elections in past times. We hear of the wholesale bribery, the flimsy pretences, the disgraceful tactics, the lodging, the feasting, the kidnapping of electors, the

hiring of prizefighters and other ruffians, the sad crippling of the resources of many a noble family. Then we fall back again into business, and are told that "Ireland and Scotland have each a separate law regulating the qualifications of electors." It was perhaps pardonable in Mr. Ewald not to look in a Scotch Reform Bill for a clause extinguishing seven English boroughs; but the result is that Mr. Ewald's readers are left to believe that the victims of 1868 still send members to Parliament. It is still more remarkable than this that we are actually told, in 1869, that "in counties the poll remains open for two days."

In most points, however, the book gives a useful account enough of many things which everybody ought to know. But we cannot help sighing when we turn over the pages of a book of this sort and see how the authors thought it their duty to trace everything up to its first beginnings, and when we also see their unlucky floundering in this praiseworthy attempt. We have learned to suffer in silence when people talk about the Heptarchy, and it may be taken for granted that Fonblanque, Holdsworth, and Mr. Ewald are all victims of the universal law which ordains that the word Witenagemot should always be put in the dative case, and should always be written with more *ts* than are wanted. But why should anybody go on to tell us about that mysterious assembly that

It was composed of Lords Spiritual and Temporal—namely, of Barons, who were summoned by virtue of their tenure as holding in *capite* of the king, and of bishops and heads of religious houses whose tenure was in chief of the crown. You will perceive hereafter how close a resemblance this ancient council bears to the modern parliament.

And while giving a glowing account of the powers of the Witan, it might have been just as well to say, if only in a whisper, that they also elected and deposed the King. But this is just the sort of doctrine which, notwithstanding all the precedents from the eighth century to the seventeenth, a lawyer always finds special difficulty in understanding.

So again, it is hard to realize the state of mind which could write such a jumble as the following:—

The title of Earl is so ancient that its origin cannot be clearly traced out. This much, however, seems tolerably certain, that among the Saxons they were called *caldormen*, quasi elder men, signifying the same with *senior* or *senator* among the Romans; and also *schieremen*, because they had each of them the civil government of a several division or shire. On the irruption of the Danes they changed their names to *eorels*, which, according to Camden, signified the same in their language. In Latin they are called *comites* (a title first used in the empire), from being the king's attendants. After the Norman conquest they were for some time called *counts*, from the French; but they did not long retain that name themselves, though their shires are from thence called *counties* to this day.

Now it is creditable to have caught the analogy between the word Ealdorman and other words of the same meaning in other languages. And it is still more creditable to be able to spell the word Ealdorman without putting in an *r* more than is asked for; but why go to Camden for one's Danish? though we feel quite sure, without turning to any writings of Camden's, that it is a slander on the great antiquary to represent him as talking about "eorels" in any language. Nobody is bound to write about Earls or Gemots, or anything of the kind, but if men will write about them, they might take the trouble to go to the most obvious quarters to learn about them. On the whole the chapter on the Church seems to be about the worst. Among other strange beliefs the writers seem to believe in King Lucius, and they seem further to believe that the pallium—which is oddly described as "an ecclesiastical vestment somewhat resembling in shape the hood now worn by clergymen to indicate the University degree of the wearer"—is evidently looked upon as having been the subject of dispute in the great controversy of the days of Henry the Second:—

Under the Norman kings, and the early Plantagenets, the claim to present this pall, and the rights which it was supposed to confer, were stoutly resisted. But what Henry II. refused to Thomas à Becket was conceded by his son John, who, as you know, humiliated himself so far as to hold his very crown as a *fief* under the pope.

To jump on a few reigns, we should like very much to know by what Act of Parliament of the reign of Elizabeth "non-attendance at a man's parish church and nonconformity to its ordinances" were made the subject of the penalty of death. Doubtless a few Dissenters were burned and many more Papists were cut up alive during the reign of the Bright Occidental Star. Still, much as we disapprove of both practices, it can hardly be said that any of the sufferers were put to death simply for non-attendance at their parish church, or for non-conformity to the ordinances—whatever they may be—of such parish church. A man might stay away from church without fear of the stake or the quartering-block if only he could manage to pay his fine of twenty pounds a month. As we go on, we guess that it may be Fonblanque and Holdsworth who tell us that there is a sense in which the sovereign is called the Head of the Church; but we are sure that it must be Mr. Ewald who runs off soon after into a rhapsody, not without notes of admiration, about the exclusion of Jews from Parliament. It is funny to be told that "the district over which a suffragan bishop presides is called his diocese or *see* (from the Latin word for a seat or chair)." The confusion between the diocese and the see reminds one of Mr. Froude's journey into the twelfth century, when he looked for Brackley in the city of Lincoln. But it is even funnier when we read—"Finally, we have the parochial clergy, consisting of *rectors, vicars, incumbents, and curates*"—a division something like the division of the human race into "men, women, and Herveys." The meaning comes out soon after:—

An incumbent differs from a curate in being free from the liability to summary dismissal mentioned just now, as his ordinary title of *perpetual curate*.

shows; but he has no independent rule, and is in the eye of the law (notwithstanding his having sole authority in his own church) only an assistant to the rector or vicar of the parish in which it is situated.

We made our moan some time back over the fall of the Perpetual, alike the *Perpetuus Augustus* and the Perpetual Curate, and we are but slightly comforted by the later rise of the Infallible. But it seems that, before the fall of the Perpetual Curate, perhaps even after it, there were those, even among our instructors, who thought that Incumbent was his proper and distinctive title, who thought that Vicars and Rectors and Bishops and Popes were not Incumbents, and who thought that there were no Perpetual Curates except in parishes where there were also Rectors or Vicars. Without going any further, are our teachers so little familiar with the theological lights of the age as not to know the proper description of the present Dean of Carlisle before he moved northwards?

CHAMBERS'S POPULAR RHYMES OF SCOTLAND.*

WE are certainly obliged to Mr. Chambers for the great industry he has shown in the collecting of these Rhymes. And yet it is impossible not to feel that the subject might have been treated in a much more complete and interesting manner. In fact, we may almost say that there is here no treatment of the subject at all. The author has simply gathered together everything he could find, and tumbled it down before us, leaving us to make of it what we liked. However, even this is a very great service to have done us, and we must not quarrel with Mr. Chambers because he has done no more. And in order to show our gratitude to him, we shall endeavour in the course of our remarks to exhibit to the readers of his book one or two of those more salient points of interest in his subject which he himself has either overlooked altogether or has very slightly referred to.

In the section of Nursery Rhymes, for example, there are two things which particularly strike us. In the first place there is the curious insight and singular skill with which their authors, whoever they were, have succeeded in adapting themselves to the minds of those for whom they were intended. Perhaps there never was a time when so much mind was expended on the production of child-literature as the present, and yet it may well be questioned if any one in our advanced civilization has entered into and sympathized with the child's mind as those rude rhymesters of an altogether unknown antiquity have done. Let any one, for instance, try the effect of the following rhyming game on an infant of from two to four years old. Place one of your legs over the other, and setting the child on the raised foot repeat:—

This is the way the ladies ride,
Jimp and sma', jimp and sma',

accompanying the lines with a slow gentle movement of the little one up and down. Then,

This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Trotting a', trotting a',

with a somewhat increased action. And lastly,

This is the way the cadgers ride,
Creels and a'! creels and a'!! creels and a'!!!

with a still more violent and rapid motion. Now we do not in the least profess to be able to point out wherein the great charm of this production lies, but if any of our readers choose to run the risk of trying its effect upon a child, we can guarantee the certainty of their being importuned for its repetition fifty times in a day for the next six months at least.

The other point to be noticed in regard to these Rhymes is the extraordinary antiquity of many of them, and the immense extent of diffusion which they have obtained. There can be little doubt that not a few of them carry us very far back into the history of the human race. Those which we have just quoted, for instance, besides being known, with slight variations, over the whole of lowland Scotland, and many parts of England, are also prevalent in Sweden, Denmark, and Germany. They seem, therefore, to be the common property of the whole Teutonic race, and for aught we know, may have been first repeated with appropriate action in some Aryan household in Central Asia more than three thousand years ago.

Another still more extraordinary example of wide diffusion is to be found in a nursery story told by Mr. Chambers, called "The Milk-white Doo." The incidents are as follows:—A labouring-man brought home a hare to his wife, and desired her to cook it for dinner, but while it was on the fire she tasted and tasted at it till she had tasted it all away. Not knowing what to do for her good man's dinner, she killed her little son, and boiled him. When the boy had been eaten, his little sister gathered his bones, and buried them below a stone before the door. While lying there, according to the story:—

They grew and they grew
To a milk white doo,
That took to its wings
And away it flew.

In the course of its flight it came to two women washing clothes, upon which it sat down on a stone and sang—

Pew, pew,
My minnie me slew,
My daddy me chew,
My sister gathered my bones,
And put them between twa milk-white stanes;
And I grew and I grew to a milk-white doo,
And I took to my wings and away I flew.

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*. By Robert Chambers. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1870.

The women were so charmed with the song that they offered it all their clothes if it would sing it again. And the bargain having been concluded, the bird then flew till it came to a man counting a great heap of money, all of which the dove obtained upon the same terms as the clothes. Lastly, it came to two millers grinding, and by them was presented with a mill-stone. It then flew away back till it lighted on its father's house-top, and when by-and-by its sister came out, it threw down the clothes to her; when the father came out, it threw down all the money to him; and, lastly, when the mother came out, it threw down the mill-stone upon her and killed her.

Such is the queer absurd story which used formerly, if not now, to be familiar in every Scottish nursery. Mr. Chambers mentions that it is also prevalent in Germany under the name of the *Machaudel Boom*, or the holly-tree, and that the song of the bird spirit in Lower Saxon is almost the same word for word as in the Scottish version. Its diffusion, however, is a vast deal wider than this; for it prevails not merely in Scotland and Germany, but in England, in Hungary, in Languedoc, in Modern Greek, among the Bechuans in South Africa, and, strangest of all, some of its traits are even to be found in a popular tale recently published from an Egyptian papyrus contemporary with the abode of the Israelites in Egypt. There cannot be much doubt that the story is a parable intended to teach that retribution is in some mysterious way attendant upon evil deeds, and it may possibly in addition to this have some mythological meaning which it is perhaps vain now to hope to recover.

The touching little rhyme called the "Croodlin Doo," though not so widely diffused, is also to be found in most of the Teutonic dialects. We give it from the first edition of Mr. Chambers's Rhymes, instead of the very inferior version which he has seen fit to adopt in his present edition:—

Where hae ye been a' the day,
My little wee croodlin doo?
Oh, I've been at my grandmother's;
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo!
What gat ye at your grandmother's,
My little wee croodlin doo?
I got a bonnie wee fishie;
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo!
Oh, where did she catch the fishie,
My bonnie wee croodlin doo?
She caught it in the gutter hole;
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo!
And what did you do wi' the banes o't,
My bonnie wee croodlin doo?
I gied them to my little dog;
Mak' my bed, mammie, noo!
And what did the little doggie do,
My bonnie wee croodlin doo?
He shot out his head and feet, and dee'd,
As I do, mammie, noo!

The class of traditional matter to which this belongs forms by far the most interesting portion of Mr. Chambers's book, and we only wish that it had been somewhat more extended. The stories of the "Frog and the Mouse," of "Rashie Coat" (a sort of Scottish version of "Cinderella"), of "Whuppy Stoorie, or the Good-wife of Kittlerumpit" (exactly similar to the German "Rumpelstiltskin"), the "Girl and the Paddo" (frog), and the "Red Etin," are all of them most curious. How far they are the offspring of mere wild imagination, and how far some of them may have a hidden mythological or allegorical meaning, it is difficult to determine. In the "Girl and the Frog" we fancy we can discern the same moral as in the old apologue of "Cymon and Iphigenia," and even in the "Red Etin," amidst all its wild and grotesque details, it is difficult to resist the impression that some simple lesson of life and conduct is meant to be hinted.

Mr. Chambers's book contains of course a good deal besides children's rhymes and stories. Somehow or other all the sense and nonsense, wisdom and folly, prejudice and malice, fun and grief of the popular mind, all manner of old superstitions, old traditions, fantastic theories and notions, prophecies of good and evil, are strangely apt to get embodied in rhyme. And of all these we have abundant examples here. To the great mass we regret that we have not room even to allude. We shall only notice, as singularly characteristic of the Scottish mind, the strange melancholy running through all those glances into the future which finds utterance in these popular rhymes. The curious prophecies which are attributed to Thomas the Rhymer, and which are at least beyond all question of the greatest antiquity, are almost uniformly full of hopeless, sad foreboding. Referring to his own house and kindred, he says,

The hare shall kittle (litter) on my hearthstane,
And there never will be a Laird Learmont again.

Again,

Between Seton and the sea
Mony a man shall die that day.

A prophecy supposed to be fulfilled at Pinkie and at Prestonpans. Most of his vaticinations contain fearful warnings of famine or bloodshed, and of vengeful doom to fall on particular families guilty of unmercifulness or crime. The following, along with its sadness, shows his deep sympathy with the sufferings of the common people:—

Waters shall wax and woods shall wane,
Hill and moss shall be in tain,
But the bannock will be ne'er the braider.

The meaning being that while the cultivation of the land would extend and the riches of the nobles would consequently increase,

the misery of the peasant, as indicated by the sparseness of his fare, would always be the same.

But it is unnecessary to extend our notice further. Those of our readers who are interested in such subjects will of course examine the book for themselves. They will find in it the raw material of not a little curious inquiry. We could have wished, as we have already said, a more learned and scientific treatment. But those who have no taste for this will be entertained by the odd and naive manifestations here given of human nature, and more particularly of Scottish human nature, in its simplest and rudest, and therefore its frankest, state. In a collection so extensive and miscellaneous it is perhaps unreasonable to complain of omissions. To do so is almost like grumbling that the book does not contain everything. It is proper, however, to state that Mr. Chambers has not extended his researches to all parts of Scotland, but has evidently confined himself to a very few localities, and that much yet remains to be done before we can have a complete body of the Scottish popular stories and rhymes. We may mention, too, that we miss in the present edition some interesting snatches of ballad not admitted into the ordinary ballad collections in consequence of all but a single verse or two having perished, and for which, therefore, such a book as this would seem to be the proper receptacle. We can remember, also, some very odd epitaphs in former editions of these "Rhymes," which, from their very speciality and their being altogether unlike in tone to the common conventional epitaph, it is a pity to have displaced. We shall conclude our notice by setting down one which was given to us more than thirty years ago, and which Mr. Chambers may, if he likes, insert in his next edition, along with those which he has so injudiciously, as we think, omitted from his book. It was said, we think, to have come from the churchyard of Arbroath, but we suspect it is not now to be found there:—

Here lies old John Hildebrod,
Do thou have mercy on him, God,
As he would have had he been God,
And thou been old John Hildebrod.

We hope our readers will forgive us for its impropriety on the score of its very great singularity. Strange and irreverent as it is, we are assured that the very same sentiment occurs again and again in ancient Sanscrit literature. The following passage, along with several others of a similar character, from the Rigveda, have been handed to us by a learned Orientalist:—

Wert thou, Agni, a mortal, and were I an immortal, and invoked son of might, I would not abandon thee to malediction or misery; my worshipper should not be poor, nor distressed, nor wretched.—Rigv. viii. 19, 25.

Were I thou, Agni, and wert thou I, thy aspirations should be fulfilled.—Rv. viii. 44, 23.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS.*

UNLESS M. d'Assailly's second volume, now in the press, is strangely at variance with the first, we may fairly say that his work is the proverbial bottle of hay to which the "Universal Doctor" of the middle ages is the needle. Intending to give a picture of Europe in the thirteenth century, and, like Lord Byron, wanting a hero, the ingenious and certainly brilliant author has been anything but fortunate in his selection. Considered apart from his niche in the Pantheon of scholastic theology, the preceptor of Thomas Aquinas can scarcely be regarded as a representative man, and the position to which he owes his celebrity is precisely that to which M. d'Assailly assigns the least possible importance. The biographer detests syllogism and school divinity with an intensity which reminds one of the hatred of fugue cherished by M. Berlioz, and commented upon by M. Cherubini. "M. Berlioz does not like fugue," said the stern classic, "because fugue does not like M. Berlioz."

Let us not be understood to express regret that the panegyrist of the immortal divine says so little about divinity. A summary exposition of the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, which occurs in the course of the book, is a performance which we should not care to see repeated on a large scale, convinced as we are, that the student who derives therefrom even a smattering knowledge of Greek philosophy may legitimately contest with Duns Scotus the exclusive claim to the title of "subtle doctor." The entire volume is divided into three sections, respectively headed "Mouvement religieux," "Mouvement des Écoles," and "L'Empire et la Papauté"; and while occupied with the second of these the author feels bound to explain in some sort that preference of Aristotle to Plato which is so conspicuous among the writers in what may be called the classic age of scholasticism, and which seems all the more remarkable when we call to mind the respect paid to the Platonists, as "almost Christians," by St. Augustin and other fathers of the highest repute. The fact that Aristotle, after vicissitudes of ecclesiastical patronage and condemnation, had in the thirteenth century attained supremacy in an intellectual world that knew no Greek, is incontestable. Dante bears witness to it when he says that in the limbo of the heathen he saw the "Maestro di color che sanno," among whose respectful worshippers Socrates and Plato held the highest places. The name Aristotle was not required to specify the person designated. Thomas Aquinas, when he speaks of the Stagyrte, simply calls him "philosophus," just as Homer was called *ὁ ποιητής* by the ancient Greeks.

But how to account for this supremacy? We learn from M. d'Assailly that the method of Aristotle prevailed because it was

the more regular—*parce qu'elle était la plus régulière*; and that this profound explanation may not be trippingly passed over, he prints it in italics. The theological middle age, we learn, found itself insensibly captivated by logic, as indeed it was bound to be (*et cela devait être*). In good sooth this same instrument, logic, bears within it an incomparable force; and the schools, when they grasped it, thought that they had secured the lever of Archimedes, which was capable of removing every obstacle, and which, we may add, was possibly lost in the course of some Sicilian disturbance. The school first became attached to the syllogism, as to that which was really solid in the regular form of reasoning; but it did not stop here; it gradually became riveted to syllogism by a sort of superstition, till at last—we grieve to record the fact—it ceased to take account of the philosophic value of the soul, in which however resides the sense of the divine—"la valeur philosophique de l'âme, en laquelle réside cependant le sens du divin." Then what could be more favourable than the system of Aristotle to the growing pretensions of the Papacy? Once let the syllogistic form be saluted by the body of the faithful as excellent and hailed as infallible, and all that has to be done is to cause the major of any proposition one likes to be accepted. Now this major has always been supplied by Gregory IX. and his successors—"il ne s'agit plus en définitive que de pouvoir ou de savoir faire accepter la majeure de telle ou telle proposition." Although aware that there is such a thing as a major term as well as a major premise, and that this term is necessarily part of a proposition, there is something in this acceptance of the "major of a proposition" which grates so strangely on our ears that we rejoice to believe that "major premise" is intended. However, all minor considerations being set aside, we are bound to confess that in our opinion the above chain of reasoning does not in the slightest degree account for the supremacy of Aristotle in the thirteenth century. That a conclusion drawn from wrong premises will itself be wrong, although the form of the syllogism is correct, everybody knows who has thumbed his Peter Aldrich; but Barbara, Celarent, and Co. are not on that account more susceptible of abuse than any other form of reasoning, and are much less so than simple assertion. A Gregory of the middle ages, with a bundle of blank syllogistic forms placed before him that he may write in the major premise, is a phenomenon which it is hard to realize.

What M. d'Assailly intends to do in his second volume we of course cannot predict, but we nevertheless feel that in the section appropriated to the "Movement of the Schools" something like an historical account of the change from the quasi-Platonic to the quasi-Peripatetic philosophy might conveniently have been placed. John Scotus Erigena was a Platonist with Alexandrian proclivities, and Plato ruled in the age of William of Champeaux and of Abelard, which was less learned in Greek. A modicum of Plato, obtained *vid* Chalcidius, guided the course of thought; but between this age and that in which Albertus and his pupil were shining lights some important works of Aristotle had been for the first time made known through the medium of his Arab translators and commentators. The Arab version was further translated into Latin, and consequently, in an age when people did not read Greek, very much Aristotle and very little Plato was to be procured. Surely these facts, which must be more or less familiar to all who have glanced at the history of scholastic divinity, throw more light on the intellectual condition of the thirteenth century than the most ingenious disquisitions on the nature of the syllogism.

Of the actual history of Albertus Magnus we do not gain much from the 400 pages which we have hitherto received from M. d'Assailly, and which, beginning with the birth of the great man in 1193 at Lavingen, a small Bavarian town on the banks of the Danube, terminate with his departure from Cologne; an account of his career in Paris, then the centre of European thought and erudition, being promised as one of the treats of the second volume. Like Dominic of Guzman, the founder of the order of which he became so distinguished an ornament, Albert was by birth a patrician, being a scion of the noble and opulent family of Bollstadt, who resided at Lavingen. A predilection for observing natural phenomena, resulting in discoveries which gained for him the applause even of Alexander von Humboldt, suggests a parallel between him and Roger Bacon, especially as, like our countryman, he incurred a suspicion of magic, and is associated with stories which may be compared to that of the Brazen Head. About the year 1212 he quitted the land of his birth for Padua, then celebrated for its professors of the seven liberal sciences, classed under the Old-World heads, *Trivium* and *Quadrivium*. In the course of the tenth year of his sojourn at this ancient seat of learning, he became acquainted with the friend and successor of Dominic, Jordanus of Saxony. Having heard a sermon delivered by Jordanus in the Dominican chapel at Padua, Albert threw himself at the feet of the preacher, who, he confessed, had read his very soul, and at once received his benediction, with the white habit of the order. In 1223 he proceeded to the Dominican convent of St. Nicolas, near Bologna, where the founder of the order had died about two years before, and where Jordanus of Saxony resided. The convent was situated in the immediate vicinity of a university second in renown to none but that of Paris, and there was so perfect an *entente cordiale* between the friars and their lay neighbours that the former, including of course Albert, often attended the lectures of the latter. After some six years' residence at Padua he quitted Italy for Germany, and settled in a Dominican house at Cologne, where he had the honour of instructing Thomas Aquinas, and where he laboured to reform the morals of the citizens, who were unenviably distinguished by an ugly predilection for swearing. As we have

* *Albert le Grand, l'ancien Monde devant le Nouveau*. Par Octave d'Assailly. Tome I. Paris: Didier. 1870.

said, with the departure of Albert, in 1245, from the banks of the Rhine, the first volume of the book comes to an end.

Our account of the first portion of the great man's life, comprising more than half a century, is not much burdened with details, yet, far from being conscious of abridgment, we doubt whether we have passed over one single fact of importance that will be found in M. d'Assailly's book. Out of a number of pages relating to divers matters, we have just picked out the passages relating to Albert, and strung them in order together. Choosing to regard Albert rather as a man than as a school-divine, M. d'Assailly has really very little to say about him, but we doubt whether his subject has not a special charm for him on that very account. Our ingenious instructor luxuriates in surmise, and never seems better pleased than when he can fill up a gap in his information with a plausible conjecture or with a brilliant series of reflections based on a hypothesis. How charming it would be did we exactly know the spirit in which Albert pursued his studies, and how he felt on divers critical occasions! We know nothing about the matter. On returning from Italy to Germany did he take the same route as when he went from Germany to Italy? We have not the slightest notion, but it is amusing, if not edifying, to reflect on the different aspects which the same objects must have borne in his eyes, after a lapse of years, if the matured man actually retraced the steps of the youth; and though we are not aware that he visited his native Lavingen, we cannot prove the contrary, and our sensibilities may be excused by the mere impossibility of demonstrating a negative. In the contest that was going on between the Emperor Frederic II. and Pope Gregory VII., Albert, as a zealous Dominican, was of course on the side of the ecclesiastical ruler. We do not read that the erudite Bollstadt and the gallant, accomplished, enlightened Hohenstaufen ever came into personal contact, but if they did, what an interesting collision it would have been!

Though, however, he has selected a figure ill fitted to be a focus for historical illustration, M. d'Assailly has produced a book which will amply repay perusal. He describes a bustling period, in which discordant elements were violently brought together, with a great deal of spirit, and indeed sometimes with an excess of warmth which we must attribute to his design of bringing the old world before the new, expressed in his supplementary title. Having produced an exceedingly clever picture of the Emperor Frederic II. with the aid of MM. Raumer and Kington, whose contributions he honestly acknowledges, he cannot make up his mind greatly to like the excommunicated Emperor, though he ingeniously commends him as the second of three great German Protestants. Of these the first is the Saxon Witkind, who, ignorant of the Bible, sturdily resists the Christianity forced upon him by Charles the Great; the third is Luther, who translated the Bible into German. Between the two stands the Emperor Frederic, grasping with one hand a sword, while with the other he turns over a Bible, whence he draws innumerable texts to fulminate against Rome. Respecting Frederic as a foe to Papal pretensions, yet thinking him rather lax as a moral character, M. d'Assailly dislikes him moderately; but when he attacks Gregory, he becomes so full of the new world that he seems to regard that terrible Pope as his own personal enemy. Indeed a polemic spirit ill suited to an historian of events long past, and resembling that displayed by Dr. Klein in his bulky but ever-increasing history of the drama, is one of the defects of the book. The author is most felicitous when absorbed in the age whose characteristics he essays to depict, and among his best performances are a description of the University life of the middle ages, with a contrast between the schools of Italy and Paris, and two eloquent biographies of St. Francis of Assisi and of St. Dominic, whose orders were still new when Albertus Magnus commenced his arduous career.

TWO BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.*

IT is a much more difficult thing than appears at first sight to write a thoroughly satisfactory book for the young. It must be fresh yet wise, imaginative yet real; it must be thoroughly pure and yet deal with life somewhat as it is—that is, it must have light and shade, and show some of the evil, if more of the good, of human nature; it must have its dash of romance and its quantum of love passages, without a particle of sensuousness or the faintest trace of passion, and it must know quite as well what to hide as what to reveal. In fact it should be just what youth is itself; and we all know how difficult it is for the mature to put themselves in the place of the immature, and how still more difficult to veil the familiarity of experience. Very few of even our best writers can compass a book for the young which shall be all that it ought to be, avoiding on the one hand extravagant sentimentality, and a standard so high as to be outside human nature altogether; on the other, rapid silliness which no grown girl can accept as fitting food for her mind at all, and which irritates, as all pretence and make-believe must.

Some American books are perhaps the best of their kind for the present generation, leaving untouched our old favourites, which however have by this time acquired a certain musty and roccoco air, and are not quite in harmony with the times. If we might single out one which seems to us perhaps the best

* *An Old-Fashioned Girl.* By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," &c. 1 vol. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

The Story of Wandering Willie. By the Author of "Rifle's Friends," &c. 1 vol. London: Macmillan & Co.

of all, it would be *Faith Gartney's Childhood*; but here we have another, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, which runs the former favourite hard, though it has not the fun and humour to be found in *Faith Gartney*. In these American stories there is, beside their intrinsic value as works of art, a certain homely practicality and quaintness that lends them a special charm. Their very diction is as amusing to us as their plots, and things which we should write as humorous caricature they set down in the most matter-of-fact sobriety. In this little volume a set of young ladies at work "quirk" their fingers and "gobble" button-holes; they have a "regular fine time" when they enjoy themselves; and one young damsel, in despair at the high prices asked by needlewomen and the amount of work she has to do, says she is afraid she will have to "take hold" herself; while another comes "prancing into the room, evidently spoiling for a dance." One little sister tells how her brother "is raging round like a bear in the dining-room." A select party "sit about on the cabbages for green satin seats." Polly, the good girl of the book, and a "real lady," though a music-teacher, "gets atop" of her troubles, and then finds them half cured. Fan, the vain girl good at heart, says, "Don't see how two draggled skirts and a stained waist can be transformed into a whole rig"; and Polly once relieves her feelings by informing two friends, Becky and Bess, that she and her friend are "out on a rampage," which however is nothing more excessive than a visit to these same two girls, who are artists, and live queerly among their wet clay and engraving tools. But they are "regular splendid" girls, frank, brave, strong, and full of genius; and while we accept the picture and give credit to the phrase, we must imagine the intonation to make the thing complete. They say "I want to," and "I have a mind to," &c.; they are generally doubtful of their nominatives, and "you was" is by no means an unfrequent solecism; of course they "guess" and "reckon" and cry "mercy!" on the smallest occasion, and sometimes "mercy me" or "thunder" as a diversion. But in spite of all these peculiarities which sound very much like vulgarities to us, and which would be vulgarities in ourselves, the characters of this little book are so lifelike, the story is so pleasant, the morality so sound, and the whole tone and treatment so brisk and healthful, that no one can read it without both pleasure and amusement, while its influence over the young would be, we should say, decidedly powerful as well as useful.

The story is so slight that it will not bear analysis, while it may be compressed into a very few lines. It merely sets forth how a good little homely lassie, Polly Milton, the "old-fashioned girl" who gives her name to the book, comes to pay a visit to some rich, frivolous, fashionable friends, where the children are brought up as badly as she is wisely, and where her influence is made to tell in the most natural manner possible. Every one grows a little better and brighter for Polly's ways and works; and in the end, when troubles come upon the family, she is a kind of good angel to them all in a graver and more impressive form than even in the days when she kept things peaceful that else would have all fallen into discord, by the exercise of a little tact and good temper. The description given of the more fast and flashy kind of American children is by no means pleasant. Girls of twelve and thirteen with their love-letters and secret intrigues, little ladies of six and seven with their request to mamma to have a beau, and mamma's answering "Yes, I'd have a little sweetheart, dear, it's so cunning," and a group of lisping babies quarrelling among themselves as to the relative merits of papa's carriage and their own frocks, and whether this one's was "imported" or only home-grown, do not make up a very fascinating picture. But, on the other hand, we have the sweet and simple New England home where the girls are modest, pure, and active, where ladyhood does not mean idleness, and where civilization is not corrupt; and taking the two together, we may well forgive the first for the sake of the beauty of the last.

Wandering Willie is a very different book from the *Old-Fashioned Girl*, being quite as ideal and impossible as the other is realistic and natural. One may suppose the scene to be laid in Scotland, according to the old song on which the central idea rests, but by the names of certain of the actors, and the manner of narration, it may be in Germany or anywhere else the reader likes. Hildred, and Lois, and Master Caleb, and Mistress Dorothy are not ordinary Scottish names, and Cuthbert Franklyn would inevitably have been simply Cuddy before he had been a week about the place. One cannot but envy the short and easy method which the author has taken with one of the most difficult questions of conscience, and wish that every one could see the line of duty—the right line of life—as clearly made out and as straightly drawn as she has done. It would save some trouble, if it would lead to a few heart-aches; though indeed these are inevitable, do what we will. And yet we doubt very much if the author's morality is either the best policy or the truest honesty; and if to keep to the strict letter of an engagement, when the love which alone sanctifies it has passed away and fallen on another, is the kindest thing to do to all concerned. And this is the main event in *Wandering Willie*. Willie's friend and adopted brother, Cuthbert Franklyn, enlists and leaves the maiden Hildred, whom both the young men love, as a kind of deposit with Willie. Cuthbert does not know that Willie loves the girl, and Willie, whose whole character might stand as the type of self-sacrifice, does not enlighten him. After Cuthbert goes, things get very dreary at home, and Willie's father wants him to marry Hildred; but he is mindful of his promise, and makes no sign. Then news comes of a battle, and with it of Cuthbert's death; but as no one saw him die, Willie is not satisfied with the mere report of "missing," and

holds on to hope, his promise, and celibacy. A further complication arises out of Hildred's very natural, if less than elevated, desire to rescind her engagement with one whom she believes to be now only a ghost, coincident with the transfer of her affections to Willie, who at least is a living man and always in her sight. The latter, however, stands firm, and resists even this; and in due course is rewarded by the reappearance of Cuthbert, considerably changed for the worse in appearance, and carrying an empty sleeve. Hildred's disappointment at this transformation of her bright and beautiful young lover into a melancholy cripple is not conducive to her peace of mind, or to the reinvigorating of her waning love for Cuthbert. But Willie, though his own heart is breaking, bids her hold on, which she does; and at the right time they are married, to make the best of life as they can, while Willie takes to "wandering," as a pedlar.

It is a story of transcendental goodness throughout. The keynote is struck in the beginning, when Willie's mother takes in a poor begging soldier struck down with fever, and nurses him to her own death. The man dies in spite of her care, leaving a little boy, the Cuthbert Franklyn of the later pages; and Willie's mother takes the fever and dies too, recommending the orphan boy to her husband, who, for all that he is a morose and close-fisted man, brings him up as his own, though he never likes him, and though he sees that he is destined to cut out his own son in life. As it proves. Of course the moral which this little book inculcates is the right thing to teach the young. To do good, whatever harm may come of it, to sacrifice yourself for the gain of another, are fundamental doctrines, not only of Christianity, but of all religions. No one denies the necessity of doing right; but many fail and falter in their estimate of what is right; and as a case of conscience we should be inclined to question whether Wandering Willie did his highest duty in that which seemed the most evident and the simplest. And also we must take exception to this book for a certain sickness of sentimentality that it has. Its humanity is too much like waxwork, its philosophy too sugary for real life; it is very pretty and pure and high-toned and all that, but it is not human life, and it is not nature; and in this it is a striking contrast to the healthful breezy common-sense spirit which pervades an *Old-Fashioned Girl*. But it will probably suit better some of those dreamy natures which would be repelled by the brisk commonplaces of this last; and as different minds require different food, we need not complain of the diversity of good dishes.

We have bracketed these two books together as favourable examples of two styles of writing put forth specially for the young; the one dealing with the common things of life and home in an eminently practical and prosaic manner, delineating characters neither better nor worse than we find them every day, giving its good girls their little vanities and its bad ones their soft moments, bringing out a worthy and respectable manhood from a rude and idle boyhood, yet always holding up a bright example of homely virtues which any one can follow if he will; the other reading like a bit of *La Motte Fouqué*, a romance where the characters are rather types than portraits, where the circumstances are strained and the morality almost beyond the reach of poor humanity, but where the young heart is warmed and the young imagination elevated, the effect produced being a tender, vague, and dreamy poetry that bears fruit rather in the general exaltation of the nature than in the education of any one particular virtue. If all literature is a serious matter, and to be undertaken conscientiously, much more ought the literature which is meant specially for the young to be of the best kind and most careful tendency. It is the time of life when books have infinite power, and make an ineffaceable impression; and the good which well-considered writing can do may be measured by the harm done by books of a low, vain, and frivolous tendency, the danger of which cannot be too much insisted on.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE. The next ANNUAL MEETING of this Association will be held at LIVERPOOL, commencing on Wednesday, September 14, 1870. President Elect—Professor HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., President of the Ethnological Society of London. Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to the Assistant-General Secretary, G. GILFILLAN, Esq., M.A., Harrow. Information about Local Arrangements may be obtained from the Local Secretaries, Municipal Offices, Liverpool.

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OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING.—Norman, Costa.
THURSDAY MORNING.—Messiah, Handel.
FRIDAY MORNING.—St. Peter (a new Oratorio), Benedict (composed expressly for the Festival); Requiem, Mozart.
TUESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Paradise and the Peri), J. F. Barnett (composed expressly for the Festival); Miscellaneous Selection, comprising Mendelssohn's Concerto in G Minor, and Overtures Freischütz and Zampa.
WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Instrumental Work. A. S. Sullivan (composed expressly for the Festival); Choral Ode (ditto), Dr. Stewart. Second Part will consist entirely of Selections from the works of Beethoven.
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